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Saturday Review

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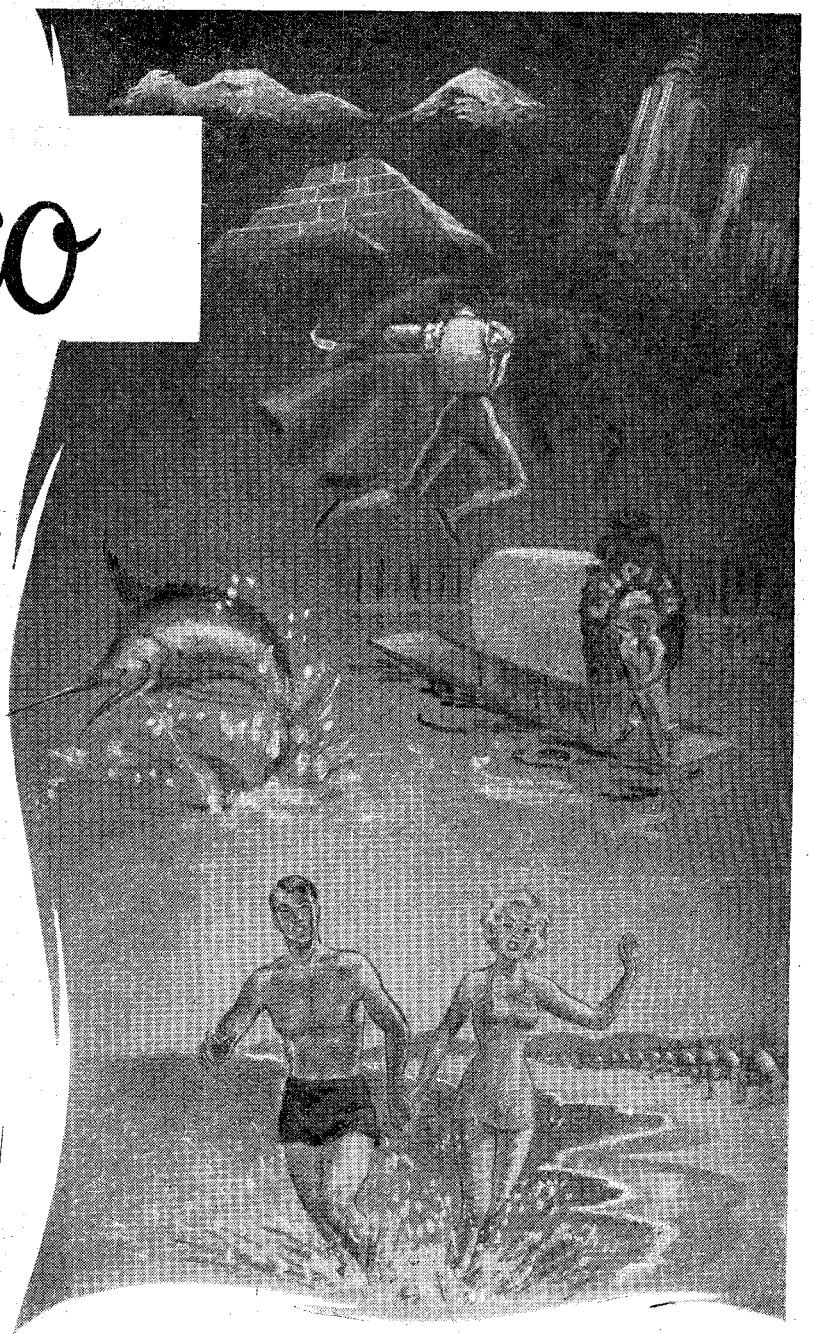

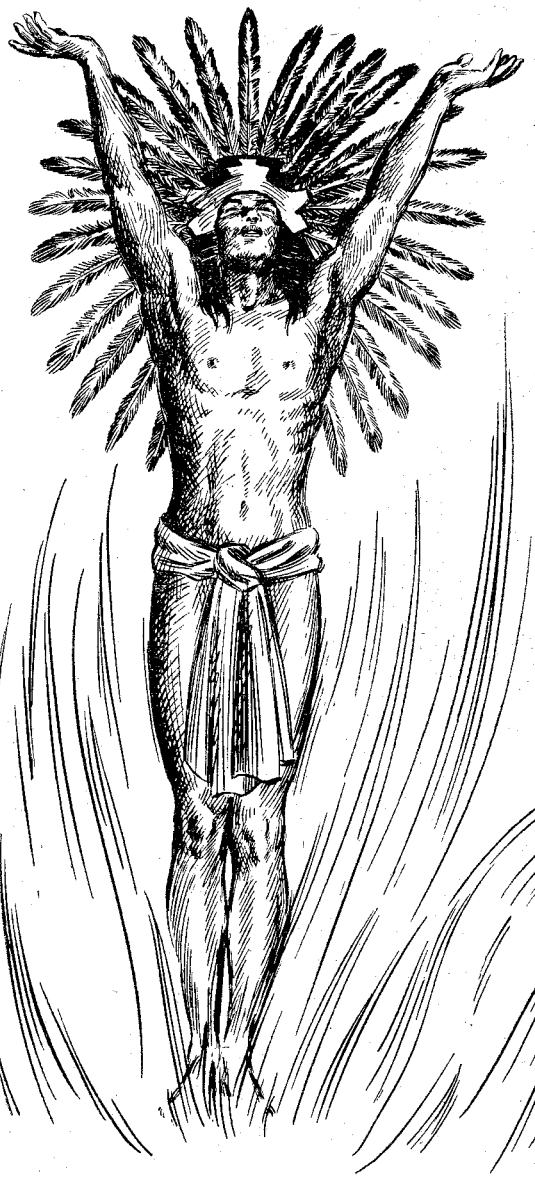

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The trouble with animals in books, in my opinion, is the attempt to personify them. Dogs, for example. Have you ever read about a bulldog that *wasn't* tough? Or an ignoble collie?

¶ And yet I enjoyed reading "Bandoola," the biography of an elephant with as much character as bulk. The author is Colonel J. H. Williams, whose last book, "Elephant Bill," pleased many readers. I learned a lot about Burma, about elephants, and about men — men like Po Toke, Bandoola's *oozie* (rider).

¶ An elephant's life span is roughly that of a human being. At the age of five or ten, like a small boy, he's poking his nose into things and pulling it out scratched, or burned, or covered with jelly. At twenty-one, like a man, he gets a job.

¶ Men, not animals, are the untamed in Burma. They take to the bottle, to the native girls, or in Col. Williams' case, to writing books. Po Toke took to revolution. But Bandoola, somehow, managed to work, to obey the law, and yet to remain an individual. He conformed without having his spirit broken. A rare elephant.

¶ As with Barrie's Crichton, if we were cast up on a desert island with Bandoola, it would probably be the elephant who would plan the menus and appoint the committees.

¶ It may have been the subject matter, but it will be a long time before I forget anything about "Bandoola."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Bandoola," by J. H. Williams, author of "Elephant Bill," also contains 21 lively drawings of elephants by Henry C. Pitz. It is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., publishers of "The Jungle Book" and "The Just So Stories." All Doubleday books may be obtained from your bookseller.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 27, 1954

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 9, Feb. 27, 1954. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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SR's Library Poll

PUBLIC interest in Herbert Philbrick's opinions and experiences of American-born Communism is reflected in the reappearance in the poll this week of his book "I Led Three Lives," three years after publication. Mr. Philbrick made a comeback once before, at the time of the Harry Dexter White scandal, but this week's listing seems only to suggest a strong, continuous concern in the subject rather than any relation to a current event.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
3. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)**
4. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
5. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **The Adventures of Augie March**
   by Saul Bellow (F)
8. **The Voices of Silence**
   by André Malraux (G)
9. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
10. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
11. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
    by E. B. White (G)
12. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
13. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
14. **Sayonara**
    by James A. Michener (F)
15. **New World of the Mind**
    by J. B. Rhine (G)
16. **The Female**
    by Paul Wellman (F)
17. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)
18. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
19. **The Secret Diary**
    of Harold L. Ickes (G)
20. **Time and Time Again**
    by James Hilton (F)

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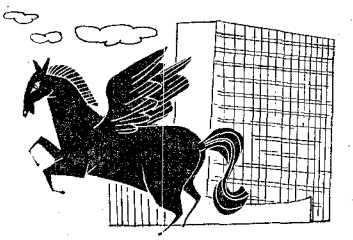
THE UNITED NATIONS, though occupied with reality, is populated these days by a respectable number of, as the saying goes, creative writers, gentlemen who spend their days deep in diplomacy, then drift off nights to their



Upper East Side garrets to write. Quite a few plenipotentiaries, it seems, have at one time or another turned their backs on resolutions, roll calls, and vetoes, to go off on a spree among the vices of poetry and prose. Possibly the latest diplomat-turned-writer is Arthur Lall, India's Consul General in New York who doubles as a member of New Delhi's delegation to the U.N. A story of his, his first published story, appeared recently in "New World Writing No. 2." Among the pros, Prof Ahmed S. Bokhari and Romain Gary, to mention only a couple, are among the better-known writers in their respective countries—Bokhari in Pakistan, where he is regarded by many as the leading humorist in Urdu; and Gary in France, one of the younger important novelists. What is more, Bokhari has translated Shakespeare and Shaw, among others, into Urdu. As for Gary, he has written five novels in all, "The Colors of the Day" being his last. It was published a few months back. His only other novel translated into English, "The Company of Men," appeared in 1951. "Education Européenne," Gary's first novel, won the *Prix des Critiques* when it came out in 1945. It has since been translated into fourteen languages, Urdu excluded. His fifth novel —Gary will say only that it is as yet untitled, set in French Equatorial Africa—is currently being translated into English, and is scheduled for the fall.

THIRTY-NINE YEARS OLD, with a remarkable war record, Gary, the *premier secretaire d'ambassade* in charge of public relations, interrupted his U.N. schedule the other afternoon to talk about diplomats, writers, and men who were both. "The French Foreign Service has a tradition of such men," began Gary, whose own ten years with the Quai d'Orsai have been spent in Berne and Sofia, among other capitals. "It was established by people like Claudel, Giraudeux, St.-John Perse, Stendhal, Chateaubriand," he went on. "It sounds immodest to include myself among these men, but what I am actually trying to do is only serve that tradition." Asked to narrow the field down to Gary, Gary noted that neither the U.N. nor N.Y., for all their insatiability, had interfered with his off-duty life as a writer. "I've been writing since I was ten," he said. "I think if you hang me from the ceiling with my head down, I will still manage to write." As to whether the U.N. would one day turn out to be the backdrop of a novel of his, Gary would say only: "It would be impossible to pretend that the U.N. does not exist as a possible theme, as an influence on a writer. It is too full of contrasts, hope, ambitions, despair, and hope again to leave a writer unmoved."

Gary and his wife, Lesley Blanch, a writer herself ("The Wilder Shores of Love," a series of biographical studies by her, will appear here in the fall), have a three-room place on East End Avenue. "Paris stimulates you intellectually to work," he feels, "but, in New York, it's more a sort of physical inspiration to work." This is his first visit here; he arrived early in 1952, along with Henri Hoppenot, who was then relinquishing his post as France's ambassador to Switzerland to become her permanent representative to the U.N. "Hoppenot is a well-known poet," Gary reported. Writing within the French delegation, it seems, is infectious. Jacqueline Huré, the wife of Francis Huré, another *premier secretaire,* has a novel coming out in France in the fall. Moreover, Mme. Huré's maid, Mlle. Pacific Simeone, already has published a book—her memoirs as *une bonne.*

BARNABY CONRAD, erstwhile *torero,* who has written "Matador" and, more recently, "La Fiesta Brava," has taken on a business-on-the-side. Restaurateur of sorts. "I've opened a little bistro in San Francisco," he divulged in Mexico the other day. (He was down there on a long weekend to help educate a group of visiting American correspondents who didn't know the first thing about the *emoción* of a *corrida.* He did splendidly.) Conrad calls his bistro, of all things, "El Matador," and evidently it has caught on among

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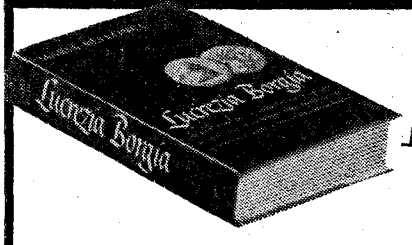

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—*DAWN POWELL, *N. Y. Post*

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the West Coast *aficionados*. "Business," he said, with considerable surprise, "is wonderful, just wonderful,"

noting quickly that "El Matador" hasn't prevented him from sandwiching in time to work on two or three books he's writing.

WHEN, TWO SUMMERS AGO, "East of Eden" was about to appear, John Steinbeck plumbed the critical depths and came up with a few predictions of the reviews his book would receive. Steinbeck was then in Paris, and, in a reply to an *SR* letter requesting information as to his wanderings and doings, he took on the reviewers one at a time. He began by saying:

> I'm too old to go through publication labor again, to wait for the reviews, to have my heart broken, to read the considered words of critics (considered for two hours) on work that has taken me four years to write and fifty years to live. Once I read and wept over reviews. I wondered what the LORDS GOD would have the graciousness to say about my pulings. And then one time I put the criticisms all together and I found that they canceled each other out and left me nonexistent.

The stage set, Steinbeck added:

> I'm tired now. I wonder whether I can go through the reviews again. I know them in advance. *The New Yorker,* which will never forgive me for not being Proust. God! if I could only write in French and have a bad translation I would get a good review there. Monastic *Time* will turn out the pin-striped monks who will intone, "IT IS A GOOD BOOK BUT IT FAILS." . . . *The Chicago Tribune* will have confused me with England to my benefit and the Hearst papers will spell my name Steinberg and review my latest volume of cartoons. And last—the intense young men with receding hairlines who are too smart to do a daily Piece—they save (I think they call them interpretations) for a book. They will find me *passé* and will reveal the source of my material. It usually turns out to be a French Trappist of the eighteenth century. I always have to look him up with the book in my hand because I not only never heard of him but can't spell him if I get too far in the book. No! I'm too goddamn old for it. There was a time when Clifton Fadiman and I were young. He was the book section of the Heintz Pickle works and the dew was fresh on my damask page. But now I am an elder statesman and he has gone on to bigger things with Lucky Strikes. I wonder, as he delivers a *mot* and a carton to a tap dancer, whether he will remember that he once said I had promise. That was before he denounced me as a traitor to my nation when I wrote "The Moon Is Down." I never blamed him for that. He was between products.

Steinbeck, it turned out once the reviews actually appeared, hadn't done a bad job at all in calling the critical shots. *The New Yorker* panned it, as predicted. *Time* said yes and no, mostly no, as predicted. *The Chicago Trib* was neither hot nor cold. A Hearst newspaper review wasn't exactly bowled over, as predicted. As for Fadiman ("We're both good friends again," Steinbeck said the other day. "We're both older and softer"), he turned out to be pretty

much on Steinbeck's side, though he did find a couple of things in the novel he didn't care for. Regardless, "East of Eden" wound up on the best-seller lists shortly after it came out, to remain there for weeks and weeks and weeks.

THERE IS AN AWFUL LOT of traffic these days between the Himalayas and New York. Sir Edmund Hillary, the ascent of Everest behind him, turned up in town a few weeks ago with Lady Hillary (she strolled about with Mickey Spillane mysteries under her arm because, she said, she had heard they were—well, a "must" in America). Anyway, another climber who had knocked around the Himalayan corner of the sky, Heinrich Harrer, is due here on the seventeenth of March, the month his "Seven Years in Tibet" will be distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Harrer, an Austrian, ducked into Tibet, of all places, after escaping from a British internment camp in India during World War II (he had been with a German expedition trying to climb Nanga Parbat) and he stayed on as a tutor to the

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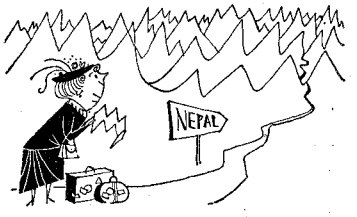
Dalai Lama until 1950, the year the Chinese Communists took over with a fierce barrage of firecrackers.

The other day in Kitzbühel, a dazzling Tyrolean town made up of ski slopes, Harrer, forty-one, husky, and footloose, outlined his plans for the next few months. "I hope to make a



few tours," he said. "I have for the summer months another rather ambitious plan, which is to get permission for an Army flight to Greenland or, if this proves impossible, go to Alaska. Last summer I saw the Indians in Peru and Bolivia and now I want to see the third Mongol group, which is the Eskimos." Harrer will check into New York after an abbreviated lecture tour in England, where his Tibet book is a big hit. "I love to go to Britain," he said, "where people are great sports. When I was there last time everybody found it great fun that I had got away from their own prison camps."

THE RASH OF HIMALAYAN BOOKS has had something of a byproduct impact on Asia; it has put Nepal on the map at last. Up until the postwar period it was something of a toss-up whether Nepal or Greta Garbo was more passionately in favor of being ignored. A couple of years ago journalism students in a New York college produced some curious replies when asked: "Nepal? Identify." One student said, "The Prime Minister of Asia"; another, "Political party in Egypt"; and a third, "Asian representative to the U.N." Nowadays, after "Annapurna," "The Conquest of Everest," and the Harrer book, Nepal is finally being recognized as an honest-to-goodness country, stashed away in the Himalayan valleys. A late report from Katmandu, its capital, says there is a rumor of a tourist industry starting up. —BERNARD KALB.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1039)

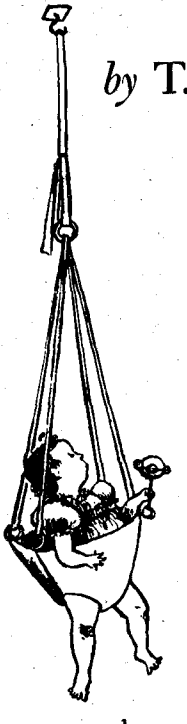
M. M. MARBERRY:
SPLENDID POSEUR

Joaquin did have enough genuine adventures as a teen-age boy in California to satisfy the most avid listener and reader, yet he seemed to be under a compulsion to dismiss his real experiences and build up the myths.

"A bull's-eye!"

says FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT of

HOMES OF THE BRAVE



by T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS

author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chippendale*

"*Homes of the Brave*," remarks Mr. Wright, "gets inside and brings home the truth about the modern fakery of people when and where they build. Robsjohn-Gibbings' pen and Mary Petty's pencil marry well, and together their humor and rare sense of proportion restore human scale to the American scene. *Homes of the Brave* is a real service to art and architecture."

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Rainbow on the Road

By

Esther Forbes

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 27, 1954

"We build aircraft by the tens of thousands in our factories, but what will our factories build in the character of their personnel—not only in our generation, but in our children's and their children's? In emphasizing force, efficiency, and speed, are we losing a humility, simplicity, and tranquility without which we cannot indefinitely hold our own?"

Charles A. Lindbergh

The Fourth Dimension of Survival

By CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, *whose article is drawn from an address given before the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences on January 25, when he received the Daniel Guggenheim Medal, the most recent of his long series of honors.*

WHEN the art of flying was very young, most of us thought that men on wings would soar over mountains and oceans to bring countries close together in peaceful understanding. We assumed that easy contact between peoples would simplify diplomacy and decrease war. Now, at the end of the first half century of engine-driven flight, we are confronted with the stark fact that the historical significance of aircraft has been primarily military and destructive. Our bombs have wiped out, in minutes, an inheritance of life and labor which centuries created. Aviation is having its greatest effect on the force-influence of nations and factors of survival, while diplomatic relationships are floundering in a strange new framework of power, time, and space.

With hindsight we see that our early enthusiasm over the discoveries of science and the conquest of the air blinded us to natural laws which govern the conduct of men. All our scientific progress has not changed the fact that God made life on earth prolific, competitive, selective. When we overlook such basic laws, we are likely to extrapolate short-term trends into false utopias of brotherhood and peace.

The fact that modern communication has brought unity to our states of North America, and that people everywhere are now more accessible to each other, does not reverse the rock-old tendency of life to diverge and compete in form and values. Science has increased the size of evolutionary groups, set up new combinations, and added tremendously to the power of their tools; but one sees little indication that strife has been reduced. From wood-wheeled cart to turbine airplane, men have always used their inventions to advance their beliefs, trade, and sovereignty—alternating their support, according to their purpose, between forces which unite and forces which divide.

In recent years, we in America have spent an alarming amount of thought and energy on war. We find ourselves in the position, encountered so often through the ages, of having to rely on arms to maintain peace and protect the way of life that we believe in. Like those of Rome, our frontiers have expanded, while the nations allied with us to maintain them depend largely on our strength.

We know that defensive forces cannot cope with atomic bombs and supersonic missiles; therefore our security rests in the decentralization of vital targets and in our ability to deliver an immediate and crippling attack. We must spread out our factories and we must keep in being fleets of aircraft which can strike an enemy more effectively than he can strike at us. Science has destroyed

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the old framework of ground-marked space and wheel-marked time which let other generations prepare for war after hostilities had started.

A survey of world conditions and existing trends indicates that we must be a nation constantly more versed in scientific, industrial, and military techniques, organized to an efficiency untouched in ages past. The tremendous effect on our environment is obvious. We are likely to be more regimented, live more indoors with artificial lights and climates, consume more preserved foods, develop our minds out of proportion to our bodies, and choose the father or mother of our children according to the ideals which ensue from such a life. Birth-rates will adapt themselves to new surroundings, and even hereditarily we will become a different people.

Man has always had a tendency to complicate his life with technical knowledge and material devices. Since the mechanistic age began, we have allowed ourselves to become increasingly bound to a regime required by its training and encouraged by its products. Our population has shifted from farm to factory in order better to tend machines, administer commerce, and gain the conveniences of city life. This tendency, originally fostered by intellectual curiosity and economic reward, is now accelerated by military necessity and our instinct for survival. In a competitive world, life and freedom must be backed by strength.

But survival has a time dimension which says that power consists of more than strength of arms. Short-term survival may depend on the knowledge of nuclear physicists and the performance of supersonic aircraft, but long-term survival depends alone on the character of man. Our scientific, economic, and military accomplishments are rooted in the human quality which produces them. In the last analysis, all of our knowledge, all of our action, all of our progress succeeds or fails according to its effect on the human body, mind, and spirit. While we concentrate our attention on the tools of economics and war, we must not neglect the basic means of surviving, the basic reason for survival: man himself.

WHAT will this modern environment of ours create in the future character of man? Here, rather than in the atom, is the power which will establish our wisdom and decide our fate. And here we pass beyond clear-cut scientific frontiers. Our clocks, weights, measures, and mathematics become inadequate when we discuss the basic qualities of man. We can mark down human efficiency in figures of mass production, but how are we to evaluate mass production, say in such spiritual elements as faith and joy, compassion and courage? We know when we have won a victory in war, but how can we subtract our losses and find the product of that victory in terms of future cultural and hereditary strength?

Human character consists of a fluctuating balance of qualities which we attempt to describe with such words as "physical," "mental," "emotional," "spiritual." Emphasis or repression of any one of these qualities has a major effect on all the rest, and the result can carry on for generations. As this is true with individuals and families, it is true with communities and nations, the one reacting on the other, slowly, while conditions change with years. We speak of the physical stamina of Russia, the rationality of France, the vivaciousness of the Italian, or of India's mysticism.

We think of peoples noted for their tendency toward war or peace, regimentation or individualism, industry or agriculture; and in each case the overemphasis of one quality results in weakness in another. A regimented Germany overruns an individualistic France, to be hurled back by the agrarian endurance of Russia, and decimated by America's industrial production. But the physique of Russia lacks the mentality for freedom, while the increasing industrialism of the United States has left many men and women questioning the system which creates it. In the time dimension, survival depends upon the balance we maintain; strength is catabolic without wisdom for direction, and the sermons of Christ become as essential as the steel of Bessemer to our power.

Man is born with qualities of body, mind, and spirit. No system can maintain the utmost power unless it gives all his faculties free play. Most of us remember when the requirements of living enforced a more balanced life. Not many years ago the efficiency and specialization demanded of us today were impossible. As a lawyer my father harnessed a horse to carry on his business. As a young pilot I unlashed my wings from fence posts and pulled through my own propeller. But my father and I knew the feel of rain and the smell of ground, and there was time for our thoughts to wander. When night came our muscles put our brains to sleep.

Now modern standards require an efficiency which immobilizes the muscles and the senses while it overactivates the brain. Think how tightly we bind our flesh to chair and bench in order to support our intellect's excursions! We insulate man more and more from his old environment of earthy weather. We design him into closed automobiles, commuters' trains, and air-conditioned buildings. Yet we all know that lethargy of body slants the reason of the mind. In aviation this trend has been particularly clear. As speed and completed schedules improved, pilot and engineer alike lost touch with the hayfield's sun. The yielding sod of early days gave way to concrete aprons, while open cockpits were streamlined into fuselages until our

(*Continued on page* 40)

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WHY THEY GO WRONG

What makes a juvenile delinquent? And how can society deal with the increasing numbers of wayward children? Croswell Bowen, a New Yorker *writer, points to some answers in this article drawn from his book "They Went Wrong," to be published next week by McGraw-Hill.*

By CROSWELL BOWEN

SOMETIMES in discussing why young people go wrong, I have heard long dissertations on the evils of progressive education. What these young people who get into trouble need, one hears, is less coddling, less of this psychological nonsense, and a good old-fashioned whipping. Facts do bear out the increase in the number of young people who run afoul of the law. The current FBI report states that 72 per cent of those caught stealing are under twenty-one. But why should this be so surprising? In this age of anxiety, with its wars and cold-war tensions, is it not logical to expect our young people to reflect, in their behavior, the insecurity of the times? As Dimitri Drill, distinguished criminologist, once put it, "Crime is the sensible measure of the degree of health, strength, and prosperity of a given society at a given time."

Nobody disagrees that a happy home with many children tends to produce the best citizens. Conversely, according to the findings of most social agencies, homes broken by divorce or separation produce a high incidence of maladjusted children who ultimately perform antisocial acts. About one out of five marriages in the United States ends in divorce. In the probation bureau of the Court of General Sessions in New York City, it has been shown that 65 per cent of the defendants who go through its doors come from broken homes. To paraphrase Drill, broken homes are a sensible measure of the degree of health of our society today. Religion and psychiatry with the aid of marriage-counseling clinics and adult-education projects are working toward healing the divorce wound in our society. Meanwhile, we must prepare ourselves to deal for a long time with the problem children who come from broken and unhappy homes.

As I have tried, usually without much success, to penetrate that dark jungle of the human spirit in which stealing, violence, and killing are commonplace behavior, I have found some of the most helpful lamps to be held aloft by psychologists, psychiatrists, and analysts. True, their light is often feeble and sometimes sputters, but always it indicates the way ahead. Will Rogers said, "I never met a man I didn't like." Father Flannigan put it this way: "There are no bad boys." Perhaps they were expressing, in the language of talented laymen, what is, in effect, the new attitude toward wrongdoers being projected today by psychiatrists. One of the most talented psychiatrists I know once told me that the psychiatry was nothing more or less than the science of sympathy, of understanding.

ONE of the greatest stories of our time is the impact psychological discoveries are having on our society. Dictators, we suspect, are apt to be the way they are because they are paranoiacs. A politician who uses character assassination as a political weapon may not be driven solely by greed for power or money. Inner compulsions, of which he is probably unaware, may be inflaming him to want to degrade and destroy anybody he suspects of acting selflessly or out of altruism or idealism. Unconsciously, he may be "acting out" a hatred of his mother or father or brother or teacher. His sickness, which has probably confined him to a personal hell of fear and suspicion, is the more terrifying because it is contagious. The science of psychiatry is still groping its way toward an understanding of the effect a diseased mind has on healthy minds. Did Hitler create a mass madness, a mass paranoia? Could the madness which took hold of Salem in the witch-burning days be accurately described in similar psychological terms? The old saws about the one rotten apple in the barrel and the importance of avoiding evil companions are ancient recognitions of the contagion of sick minds. One of the conditions of behavior for parolees in New York State is that they "must not associate with evil companions or any individuals having a criminal record." This matter of companions, of membership in a group, good or bad, would seem to be close to the heart of the matter.

Harold Strong, who has spent his life studying boys who go wrong and is the director of Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry, New York, thinks a child's desire to belong to a group is one of the keys to the solution of juvenile delinquency. He has observed that children go from group to group until they find one that accepts them. If they are rejected by all the "good" groups, they can always find their place with a "bad" group. Refusal to steal a car, pick a pocket, or vandalize somebody's house can be antisocial behavior in a "bad" group. Man, as too many people idly observe, is a social animal. How can we insure a child's aligning himself with a "good" group?

THE Freudians think that the answer lies in the care and training of a baby from the moment of birth, a reversal of one traditional belief that babies are born with their destinies already unalterably established. For years the citing of fascinating statistics from the studies made of the Jukes family and the Edwards family served

(*Continued on page* 42)

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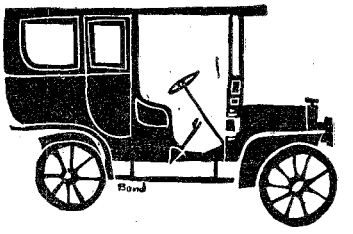
Lizzie the Revolutionary



"Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company," by Allan Nevins, with the collaboration of Frank Ernest Hill *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 664 pp. $6.75), traces the revolution wrought by Henry Ford up through 1915, using in large measure material in the Ford Archives at Dearborn. Our reviewer, Roger Burlingame, is the author of "Backgrounds of Power: The Human Story of Mass Production."*

By Roger Burlingame

HISTORIANS of an older academic school would be surprised, perhaps shocked, at the versatility of Allan Nevins. In an earlier time the industrial scene was thought to be beneath the "dignity" of history. It was a paradox, indeed, that this attitude should have prevailed in the United States, for surely in no nation have political, social, and industrial history been so closely compounded. But Dr. Nevins, with his searching biographies of Rockefeller, Abram S. Hewitt, and (with Miss Jeannette Mirsky) Eli Whitney, as well as in his consistent attention in many of his other books to the growth of productive power, has done much to break this stupid and snobbish pattern. Now he has, with the collaboration of Frank Ernest Hill and under the auspices of Columbia University, tackled what is probably the most far-reaching event in the American industrial story—the Ford revolution.

As the title of his new book prescribes, "Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company" goes far beyond the field of personal biography. The authors have set themselves the difficult task of fitting the subjects of "man" and "company" into the historical panorama. In the first chapter, they sketch the American transportation sequence through packhorse trails, waterways, and railroads to the point where the automobile became a kind of historical necessity. The spotlight then focuses on Michigan; its circle narrows over Dearborn, and we see the Ford family pioneers—farmers, of course—and the boy breaking away from the farm drudgery and allying himself with the tremendous machine development that surrounded him in the fabulously growing city of Detroit.

From this point we follow Henry from an inconspicuous position in a brilliant galaxy of inventors, promoters, and engineers until, from the almost incredible company that was his personal creation, he emerges as the giant who changed the whole American geography.

THE authors have made especial use of the oral reminiscences of many neighbors, friends, business associates, and plant workers, which have been tape-recorded for the Ford archives at Dearborn. Here is a wealth of anecdote of Ford's early life, heretofore unknown or obscured by legend, as well as eye-witness stories of company incidents. Himself a zealous promoter of the new oral history method, Dr. Nevins takes continual advantage of this material, thus enlivening the narrative with colloquial interludes.

"In order to get along with Mr. Ford," an employe remembered, "you had to have a little mean streak in your system. You had to be tough

—From "Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company."

Ford uses his watch to fascinate some children—". . . 'you had to be tough and mean'."

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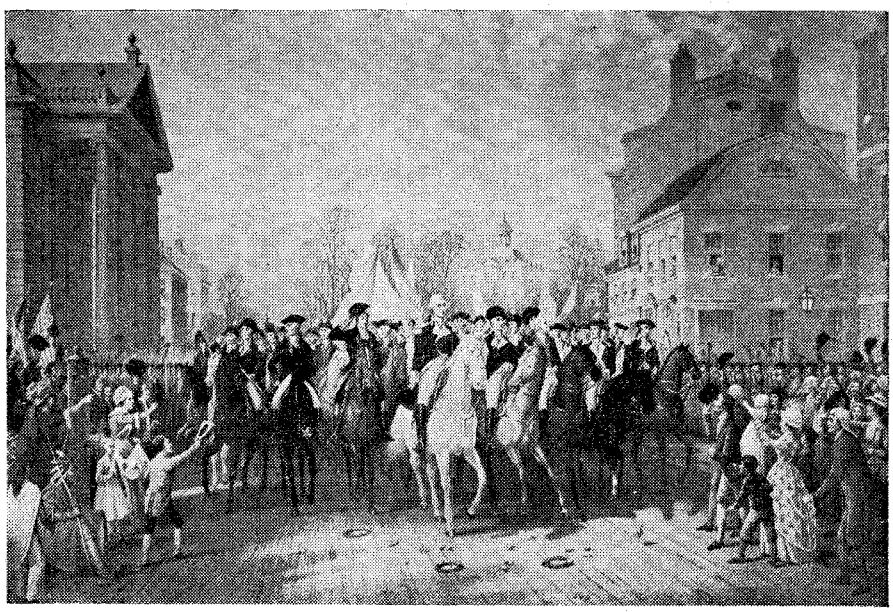
and mean; Mr. Ford enjoyed that." Another, recalling the planning of Model T, said: "Mr. Ford followed out the design very closely, and was there practically all the time. There was a rocking chair in the room in which he used to sit for hours and hours at a time . . ." W. J. Cameron remembers Ford's comment on an intuitional judgment: "Well, I can't prove it, but I can smell it." A memory of Henry's boyhood by his sister, telling of the water wheel he and his companions produced, is exceedingly significant as showing characteristic behavior: "He didn't do too much. He only told them what to do, and they very willingly did it." David Bell, who worked with Ford on his first car, echoed this: "I never saw Mr. Ford make anything. He was always doing the directing." Another remembered that Ford gave hints rather than commands to his workers, such as, "I wonder if we could get this done right away" and adds: "The men would break their necks to see if they could do it."

DR. NEVINS and his collaborator have made many complexities clear to the layman. One in which several biographers have bogged down is the fight over the Selden patents which involved the whole automobile industry. This book's success in clarifying the issue is due less to the amount of space given it than to the care in explaining the historical context. The same is true of the approach to the Ford Motor Company's development of mass-production techniques and patterns culminating in the moving assembly line.

In general, the book tends to support Ford in several events—such as the installation of the five-dollar day—which have given rise to bitterly opposed judgments. As the volume ends with the year 1915, however, it cannot deal with the great controversial issues: Ford's conflict with organized labor, for example, his anti-Semitism, his political activity, his indulgence of that extraordinary character whom Dr. Nevins in a footnote calls "the ineffable Harry Bennett." These, presumably, will be dealt with in a subsequent volume which, we understand, is in preparation.

In their selection from the immense mass of material in the recently opened Ford Archives, Dr. Nevins and Mr. Hill have used judgment and artistry. Packed with information, meticulously documented, and abundantly illustrated, the book is a valuable reference book, but it is also readable and often entertaining as well. It is a vital contribution to the history of our times.



—*From "The American Revolution: 1775-1783."*

Washington's triumphal entry into New York, November 25, 1783.

Labor Pains of the Republic

"The American Revolution, 1775-1783," by John Richard Alden *(Harper. 294 pp. $5), is the second volume in the New American Nation Series. Professor Merrill Jensen of the University of Wisconsin, who reviews it here, is the author of "The New Nation," "The Articles of Confederation," and other books.*

By Merrill Jensen

EARLY historians of the American Revolution pictured it as a revolt against the tyrannical acts of George III and his sycophants. The Americans fought for the political and constitutional rights with which their English heritage and the laws of nature had endowed them. Later on, still other historians insisted that the Revolution had economic causes. Americans revolted because of economic exploitation by selfish British interests. But there is no agreement as to just what kind of economic exploitation was the real cause. The Declaration of Independence bears witness to both interpretations. Still other historians, who have made detailed studies of the internal social and political history of the colonies, and of the structure of British politics, have revealed such a complicated set of motives and interests as to leave anyone who wants a simple answer completely bewildered.

Two world wars in which America and Britain have been allies have likewise had their effect on attitudes toward the Revolution. Several historians have sought to soften the realities of the revolutionary movement as seen by its participants, to view the Revolution as a regrettable incident. One of them at least (and an American at that) seems to feel that the colonists were an ungrateful lot who did not appreciate all that a benevolent mother country was doing for them. This sort of interpretation reached its climax in "Oliver Wiswell," a novel which pictured most revolutionists as either knaves or boors, and could well have been written by a loyalist like Thomas Hutchinson or Joseph Galloway and, had he been alive, would have been bravoed by George III.

John Richard Alden does not subscribe to such an interpretation: in his new book, "The American Revolution, 1775-1783," he is still voting for the Declaration of Independence. Or, in his words, "he believes that the thought and conduct of the American patriots are ultimately defensible, that the Declaration of Independence is, in the last analysis, justifiable." His introductory chapter reflects this laudable stand, but it is too brief and simplified to give any adequate idea of the complex history of the years 1763-1776; and it reflects too much of the old "George III was a villain" interpretation. The chapter on the Declaration of Independence is likewise an oversimple view of the con-

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flict in the Continental Congress over the issue. Oddly enough, the preceding chapter on British policy and action is, in my opinion, much better.

Mr. Alden's interest is clearly in military history, as his previous books on Generals Thomas Gage and Charles Lee have shown. And it is in the chapters on the military history of the Revolution that he writes with ease and authority. Campaigns are described lucidly. More than this, the chapters are virtually a study in command. His informed guesses as to what might have happened if this or that general had done other than he did make exciting reading. It is pleasant, too, to have an account of how the Americans and their allies won the war. So many books are written with a "Valley Forge Complex" that when one lays them down one is almost convinced that the British won the war after all. There is none of this in Alden's narrative. Not only did the Americans win, one gets the feeling that Alden believes that it was virtually inevitable from the start that they would do so. Incidentally, the Continental Congress, the whipping boy of the Valley Forge school, gets its just due from Alden.

The chapters on the "home front" cover the topics that should be covered in such a work, but they are for the most part based on secondary works. Good though such works are, one misses the informed judgments and stimulating interpretations to be found in the chapters on military history where the author has centered his original research. The non-military aspects of the Revolution are quite as exciting and at least as important as the military. Apparently the editors of the New American Series do not plan to give them the same attention which I, at least, think their importance warrants.

The Limits of the West

"The Journals of Lewis and Clark," edited by Bernard DeVoto *(Houghton Mifflin. 504 pp. $6.50), is a condensation of the classic Journals kept by the men Thomas Jefferson dispatched to explore the American West. Richard L. Neuberger, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Lewis and Clark Expedition," and other books on America west of the Mississippi.*

By Richard L. Neuberger

LAST AUGUST my wife and I trekked for 103 miles over the Lolo Trail, the only part of the route of Lewis and Clark still primeval. We saw but one tumbledown cabin of an Idaho trapper in that distance. We tried to imagine what must have been the emotions of men who were discovering all this natural grandeur. To them, each peak was nameless, every foaming river unknown. Did the mountains go on forever? And as we munched cold fried chicken and built a fire for soup and coffee, we remembered that Lewis and Clark had been so short of rations that they called this particular campsite "Hungry Creek."

The next best thing to following in person the trail of these first westbound Americans is to read their Journals. Bernard DeVoto, eminent modern chronicler of Lewis and Clark, has made this easy by condensing in one volume of 504 pages the essential portions of what was written during the most famous journey in our country's history.

Fortunately, Mr. DeVoto has not attempted to brush up the captains' spelling. He has decided we should know what kind of men they really were, that to them Indians were "faithfull" as they gave assistance for "a fiew minits" atop "a difficuelt ellevation . . ."

All Americans have heard of Lewis and Clark. What boy with red blood grows up minus a Walter Mitty dream of claiming countless thousands of square miles of wilderness on behalf of President Thomas Jefferson? But to most people, Lewis and Clark are mere names. They rarely assume genuine identity. Did they have real emotions? Were they visibly stirred on the great pilgrimage?

On May 26, 1805, Lewis had his first glimpse of the Rockies, a rugged cordillera of snow on the far horizon. He wrote that night beside the campfire:

> While I viewed these mountains I felt a secret pleasure in finding myself so near the head of the heretofore conceived boundless Missouri; but when I reflected on the difficulties which this snowey barrier would most probably throw in my way to the Pacific, and the sufferings and hardships of myself and party in thim, it in some measure counterballanced the joy I had felt in the first moments in which I gazed on them; but as I have always held it a crime to anticipate evils I will believe it a good comfortable road untill I am compelled to believe differently.

STILL water runs deep. The quiet Lewis philosophized searchingly as he carried his nation's flag across the continent. Clark, more talkative and excitable, had reactions which were understandable but immature. On the memorable morning of November 7, 1805, Clark scribbled in his notebook: "Great joy in camp we are in view of the Ocian, this great Pacific Octean which we been so long anxious to See. and the roreing or noise made by the waves brakeing on the rockey Shores (as I Suppose) may be heard disti(n)ctly."

Was there ever an expedition so efficiently conducted as this one? It traveled for more than two years through a realm populated by savage

Nostalgie Romantique

By David Morton

GO, FIND your heart a new love—range the fairs,
Attend the country dances, be the one
Whom sentimental twilight's colored airs
Will lure abroad, unhappy and alone.
Beyond the streets, the voices, the bright bars,
Watch for the left turn where the evening sings,
For smell of milkweed, and the look of stars
Come near and larger from forgotten springs.

Somewhere she is; somewhere she joys and grieves;
In the young heart's anonymous, virginal game
She practises a role, and she believes
The name will come, and you will be the name:
O Strength-of-Ten . . . O Singular-and-Proud,
Grown in her gaze to Taller-than-the-Crowd.

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Indians and yet lost only one man, and he to a stomach attack which Mr. DeVoto diagnoses as "a ruptured appendix." Jefferson asked Congress for a mere $2,500 to finance the party. Not even the President realized the extent of the battlements of the Rockies and Bitterroots, which separated the headwaters of the Missouri from navigable reaches along the Columbia River system.

Sifting through the Journals, one sees that the expedition encountered three major crises: (1) when Lewis and three picked men wandered in the mountains, searching for Indians who would sell them horses to get their supplies over the Divide; (2) when they floundered without food in the mounting snows of the Lolo Trail; (3) when Lewis and a small party had a foray with the Blackfeet.

Had any of these episodes gone amiss, the undertaking would have been counted a failure. Indeed, a few more days of hunger on the ridge between the Lochsa and Clearwater Rivers in Idaho and it might not have reported back with its tales of the first grizzly bear, Bighorn sheep, and innumerable prairie dogs. Lewis, particularly, emerges from the pages of his Journals as a leader of great resolution and valor.

This is an appropriate year for Mr. DeVoto's succinct condensation of the Journals to be in popular circulation, for 1954 marks the 150th anniversary of the departure of the expedition from St. Louis. Yet is this so far away and long ago, considering that never before had Americans spanned the continent? I can recall sitting in the spray of Celilo Falls on the Columbia, listening to a sixty-five-year-old Indian, Abe Showaway, repeat the tales told to him by his grandmother Wolwaypoo, who had seen Lewis and Clark go downstream to the sea. We of this generation are as close to the great captains as that.

..—*The New York* Globe *(Culver).*

"Now watch the dirt fly."

The Big Stick Stilled

"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt: The Days of Armageddon," edited by Elting E. Morison *(Harvard University Press. 1621 pp. $20), the seventh and eighth volumes of an important set, cover the years 1909 to 1919. Here they are reviewed by Arthur S. Link, professor of history at Northwestern University, author of "Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era," and other works.*

By Arthur S. Link

THERE are qualities about the letters in the last two volumes of "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt" that set them apart from the others and give them greater meaning for our own time. For one thing, Volumes Seven and Eight are more panoramic in scope and cover a more exciting period in American history than the preceding four devoted to Roosevelt's Presidency. For another, they reveal a tragic record of defeat, frustration, and despair from 1909 to 1919 that stands in sharp contrast to Roosevelt's earlier dazzling successes and achievements.

For Theodore Roosevelt the years following his retirement from the White House in 1909 were a time of almost perpetual Armageddon, when it seemed the Lord for Whom he fought had forsaken the battlefield. First came his bitter battle to take control of the Republican Party from his former intimate friend, William H. Taft, and when that effort failed, his ill-fated campaign for the Presidency in 1912 on an independent Progressive ticket. As his letters clearly reveal, Roosevelt did nothing from 1909 to 1911 to spur the insurgent revolt against Taft, made the fight for the nomination only because he was convinced his leadership alone could save progressivism and the GOP, and ran at the head of a third party only because he was convinced that Taft and the Republicans had stolen the nomination from him. Nonetheless, as subsequent events proved, Roosevelt's disruption of his party was a tragic mistake, one that not only cost him many dear friends but also helped destroy progressivism as a powerful force in the Republican Party.

Then came Roosevelt's second and more fateful battle from 1914 to 1917 to awaken the American people to the necessity for military preparedness and the dire menace to their security inherent both in national impotence and a German victory in Europe in the First World War. This was the most tumultuous and also the most heroic phase of his long career. Throwing away his chances for the Republican nomination in 1916, he, alone among political leaders of his day, dared speak frankly and remind Americans of their unpleasant duty in the world crisis. Finally, there were the fierce battles Roosevelt fought to be allowed to raise a division for service in France after the United States entered the war, against what he thought was disloyalty and a weak war effort, and for a harsh peace settlement.

Throughout all the tumult and in spite of defeat and despair, Roosevelt remained remarkably the same man through these years—incredibly *au courant* with the major intellectual currents of his time, among his friends warm and outgiving, and in his family circle tender and lovable. To be sure, he could be grossly unfair to his opponents—his vilifications of Woodrow Wilson ("that astute, unprincipled, and physically cowardly demagogue"), William J. Bryan ("the most ridiculous creature we have ever had in a high public office"), and other Democratic leaders, for example, often exceeded the bounds of decency. Even so, his conflicts with other public men stemmed from fundamental differences and were merely aggravated by personal and partisan prejudices. To be sure, he was what some people would call a warmonger. But when war came only the President of the United States prevented him from serving, and he sent four sons to the battlefronts.

THE important point is—and it is abundantly confirmed by the eight volumes of letters—that Theodore Roosevelt remains the most creative and, along with his distant cousin, the most influential American public leader of the twentieth century. He gave chief voice to the progressive ideals that Wilson ironically first wrote into legislation and Franklin D. Roosevelt later implemented more fully. He preached the doctrines of realism and responsibility in international relations that the American people finally

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FICTION

Old China Dies

"Swing Full Circle," by Chesley Wilson *(Harcourt, Brace. 312 pp. $3.50), is the story of a cashiered American sailor who heads a hopeless errand of mercy in a China being slowly strangled by moral paralysis.*

By Robert Payne

IN THE summer of 1946 China was in the doldrums. The war was won, but there was no peace: that strange fever which we know now as "the cold war" had settled on the country and every man was every man's enemy. That summer the cold war was freezing. The terror was everywhere, for nothing was what it seemed to be, and in all China there seemed to be no one who understood the consequences of the most elementary actions. It was as though even the most remote peasants of the loess country were playing Russian roulette. The universities called for a government of the talents, but there was almost no talent left in any government then in power, whether north or south of the Yellow River. Relief supplies for starving provinces were rushed in from America; most of them rotted on the wharves or vanished in mysterious ways. Perhaps never in the world's history has there been such concentrated bribery and corruption, not all of it on the side of the Kuomintang. In those distant years when scholars will be able to write the history of the Far East with access to all the sources, including the bank accounts of the leading figures, it is likely that the devil's mark will be found on those who seemed to be the least corrupt of all.

Chesley Wilson has written in the guise of a novel the best account I know of those shuddering months when every Chinese saw the abyss opening at his feet and smelled the hot breath of corruption. In "Swing Full Circle" he tells the story of Tully Sheldon, lately cashiered from the United States Navy, who arrives in Shanghai to assume command of a surplus landing craft on behalf of World Relief, an organization which appears to be a thinly disguised version of UNRAA.

Sheldon's task is to transport flour to Hankow. First he has to assemble a crew. There was Captain Savarsky, who resembled a Santa Claus who had spent the off-season digging in a Welsh coal mine. Then there was Gunboat Peligra, Chief Quartermaster, USN, Retired, with a chest like an ox, a cock-of-the-walk air, and more profanity to the square inch than any other man would consider credible. Sergei Kalantonkles was an ex-Legionnaire, handsome and lecherous, with a useful command of twelve Chinese dialects and six more assorted languages. Henry Talbot Huddlestone, who became the ship's chief engineer, had a cataract and an oily stubble of beard, a palsied Englishman who had worn himself out in the service of the Shanghai bars. It is part of Wilson's accomplishment that this motley crew—there are eight or nine others—is completely credible, and all the affairs of the LST, as it noses its way upriver, are equally credible.

Everyone on the ship knows that the flour destined for the starving peasants of Hunan will be on sale in Nanking five days after being loaded onto the wharves of Hankow, and will be back again in Shanghai two days later. The LST is named *Wan Chuen,* which means "The Ten Thousand Perfections," but there is nothing perfect about the ship except the wild humanity of its crew, which includes the inevitable White Russian girl, Alia, who is as clearly visualized as the rest. Alia, indeed, is a feather in Wilson's cap. She lives and breathes, weeps and rejoices, and more than anyone else she is aware of the inevitability of corruption in that Chinese summer.

THERE is almost no story: only a series of clear-cut incidents. The *Wan Chuen* unloads at Hankow, and here Sheldon suffers his first failure of nerve. He decides to make money carrying passengers downriver: these "yellow fish" gather on the decks behind barbed wire, determined to reach Shanghai for the same reason that the lemmings make for the sea. Sheldon has tasted evil: their fares provide him with a small fortune. When he returns to Shanghai there are further temptations provided by the Chinese Communists who offer him another small fortune to take barrels of gasoline to an obscure landing-beach along the coast of Shantung. Too late he learns that the barrels contain machine-guns. He loses his ship and the beloved Alia. When we see him for the last time he is wandering in the dark on an unknown beach of China with the body of Alia in his arms, a Lear on the blasted heath, knowing only too well "the promised end or image of that horror."

A good book, but oddly written, for sometimes Mr. Wilson writes very well indeed, and at other times he writes as though he could hardly believe this preposterous story, though it was a commonplace once. At his best he has caught wonderfully the mood of that treacherous summer when murder and sabotage were every man's companion in a swiftly dissolving China.

—SR *Drawing by Tack Shigaki.*

". . . every Chinese saw the abyss opening and smelled the hot breath of corruption."

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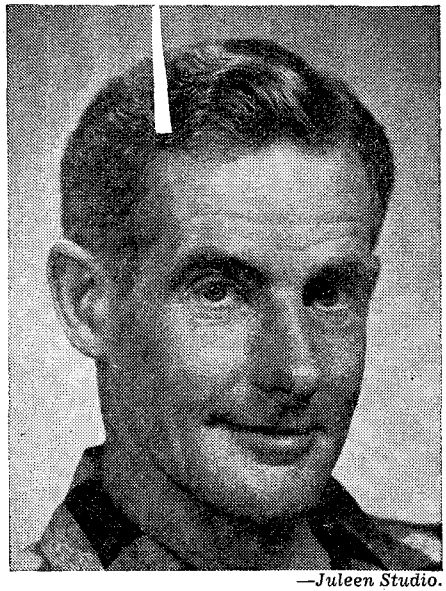


—Juleen Studio.

Kenneth Dodson—"the way it was."

A Pregnant Craft

"Away All Boats," by Kenneth Dodson *(Little, Brown. 508 pp. $3.95), details the story of the attack transport* Belinda *as she carries 1,400 men across the Pacific during World War II. Here it is reviewed by Captain Walter Karig, USNR, author of "Battle Report," a six-volume history of naval action in the last war.*

By Walter Karig

I AM AFRAID that Kenneth Dodson's "Away All Boats" is too honest, too accurate a novel to be the popular success it should be. I have not read a better book on the war—not at sea, but on the shallow fringes of the ocean.

Basically, Mr. Dodson is telling the story of a ship, the attack transport *Belinda,* and like the story of any ship it is made up of the fractional stories—chapters and footnotes for allusion's sake—of her company and crew. *Belinda*'s job is a dirty one: it is to carry troops near enough to enemy-held beaches for the amphibious craft to take them ashore. She carries fourteen hundred soldiers or marines across the Pacific until the Far Shore muddies the water under her keel, where she drops the landing craft with which she is forever pregnant, loads her unhappy passengers into them, and repeats *ad infinitum* while fighting off aerial and submarine attacks. It's no fun, and less romance.

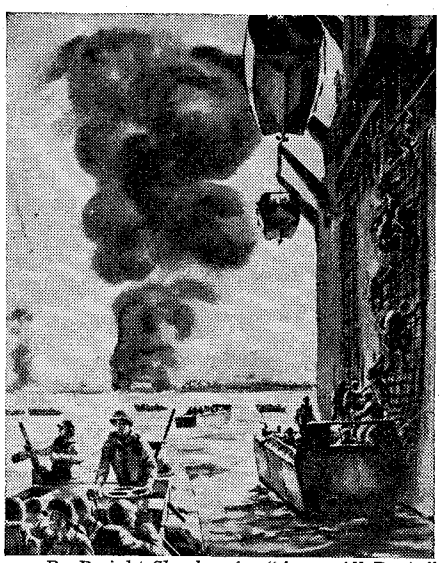
Plot? The novel doesn't have a nickel's worth. "Away All Boats" is called a novel because it purports to be fiction. It is fiction because it is the composite story of scores of ships like *Belinda.* By the same token it is autobiography. By any token it is a brave piece of work, and especially because Dodson does not succumb to some of the literary dodges that have nudged other stories of the war at sea into a popularity that sea-faring men hold in doubt. There is no rape, no seduction, no sadism, no soul-shattering conflict between the Reserves and the Ring Bearers.

For all the enjoyment and the acquiescence won by Herman Wouk's "Caine Mutiny" or Monsarrat's "Cruel Sea," the intrusive romances in both added as much to their books of war at sea as a splinter in the forefinger expedites typing. One of the outstanding virtues of Dodson's book is that women are kept in their place during the narrative, just as they must and should be on a marine battlefield. This proportioning has the effect of making them seem more believable.

Perhaps a statement like that will cause some potential readers to shy away from the book. "What? No sex? Must be a pretty dam' dull book." And it would be hard, even by invoking the shades of Herman Melville and Joseph Conrad, then, to convince them that a story of the sea is more exciting without unfurling a brassière or two.

It does a reviewer an unusual good to be able to quote a blurb with approbation. Whoever wrote the text for the dust jacket of "Away All Boats" summed up the meaning of this book when he said: "It will make thousands of veterans of the island-hopping campaign say, 'This is it. This is the way it was'."

I hope it will be "thousands"—and a few more who are not veterans.



—By Dwight Shepler, for "Away All Boats."

". . . a brave piece of work."

Semper Amorous

"The Magnificent Bastards," by Lucy Herndon Crockett *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 296 pp. $3.50), tells of an American woman Red Cross worker and her adventures, mostly erotic, with the armed forces in the Pacific during World War II.*

By Evelyn Eaton

LUCY HERNDON CROCKETT'S "The Magnificent Bastards" is a well-constructed, fast-paced, strongly written novel about lust in those old sexy islands of the Pacific, familiar to us all by now, featuring the marines, this time from the point of view of a woman, one of the handful of Red Cross workers who volunteered to go overseas, presumably to represent Sex, respectable, unattainable Sex—officially, that is—to thousands of sex-hungry men. "What ain't we got? We ain't got dames!"

Colin Black, colonel of the Raiders, is the principal bastard, ruthless, part Indian, tough, and physically magnificent. Lee Ashley, rich, refined, widowed, but ambiguously virgin, for reasons given early in the story, a tidbit thrown in to heighten the effect of the scream on page 177, is the—well, heroine. Lee is warned of life in general, "You will be the target every second of the most hopeless, helpless desire, of the foulest frustration-born obscenity." (Naturally, gals, she decides to go right ahead, on what she piously disguises to herself, if not to others, as a pilgrimage to Bloody Ridge, where her husband was killed.)

She is warned against Colin Black, and is given a firsthand demonstration of him engaged in The Preoccupation, so we know from the start what the Outcome will be. So do the subsidiary characters, who have The Preoccupation or are aware of it "every second" in others. Even the Roman Catholic chaplain, who prays once in a while, is depicted as a little saddened by what he sees around him, but gently tolerant, and therefore, of course, ineffectual, and (to anyone privileged to meet front-line chaplains of any denomination) shadowy and unreal. No one else demurs, much.

So convincing at first, even moving, the book cloys after awhile, becoming a little dull in spite of what might be referred to as "excitement-packed pages of suspense"—when, where, how will he seduce her? All this causes the book to become one-

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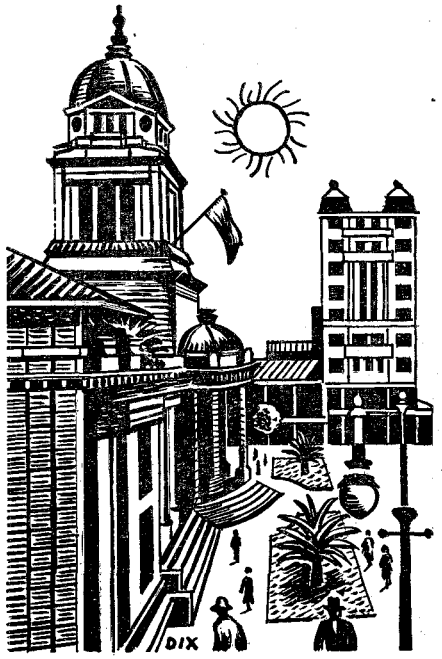
A Continent at Dawn



"The People of South Africa," by Sarah Gertrude Millin *(Alfred A. Knopf. 337 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Introducing South Africa," by Carveth Wells*** *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 256 pp. $5), are revisions of standard works on what is often called "the continent of the future"; the former, a study being published in this country for the first time. Emory Ross, our reviewer, was for many years secretary of the Africa Committee, Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the USA, and is the author of "Out of Africa" and other books.*

By Emory Ross

KNOWLEDGE of countries and peoples cannot guarantee understanding, but ignorance can be an almost sure guarantee of misunderstanding. Ergo, get knowledge. Knowledge of Africa is in dangerously short supply in America. Two lately published books offer knowledge.

Sarah Gertrude Millin's "The People of South Africa" is a work of distinction which, as is much too rarely the case, offers knowledge with beauty. Not beauty of content, for the content is often brutal, bloody, blasting; but beauty of clarity—the beauty of an etching. When human frailties are sensitively portrayed, as here, they can highlight the spiritual goals longed for but as yet unwon.

Therein lies the day's bafflement in South Africa—the great majority of its peoples seeking spiritual gain in earth and man and God, yet unable in their common clime to make a common climb.

They cannot even claim a common name, and of this Mrs. Millin makes graphic use. The Dutchman "used to be the Boer . . . is now the Afrikaner" and some of them "speak of all South Africans being Afrikaners together . . . But it seems doubtful whether English-speaking South Africans will call themselves Afrikaners." And if they did, and then translated this word into English, they would be "Africans" and "this of course makes them black men . . . so all they can do is to call themselves English-speaking South Africans." But many Afrikaners, being South Africans and speaking English well, are yet unable to call themselves English-speaking South Africans. And the Africans who also live in South Africa cannot call themselves "South Africans, for this would make white men of them. The Indians, whether of Pakistan or Hindustan, remain Indians (except to those who, wishing to insult them, call them Coolies." There is "no name which embraces . . . all. Here is another reason why they are not unified."

A prior and basic reason is the racial and cultural admixture since 1652: "The Dutch . . . nine to begin with . . . the Hottentots that they found. The Bushmen. The Negro slaves they imported. The Madagascar slaves. The East Indian convicts, made slaves. The banished Indian political offenders of standing . . . coming over for a century. The small parties of young women from Dutch orphanages . . . The 200-odd French Huguenot refugees who, following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, came to seek religious freedom and had to struggle anew to get it. More Dutch settlers . . . of a higher class . . . Some Low Germans: no woman among them. The British colonists . . . brought out, in part, to help maintain order against the blacks. North Germans who, having fought beside the British in Crimea, were now accommodated near them in the Cape Colony; one woman among them. The Indians imported to Natal, from 1860 onward, as indentured labourers to the sugar planters . . . The diamond and gold adventurers . . . of 1870. The Jews, flying from the pales and pogroms of Russia and Poland, as later from the horrors of the Nazis. The British immigrants of 1946-1947, escaping from the socialism in England, unlike the world's previous emigrants in this: that they were not escaping from an old way of life to seek a new, but that they were escaping from a new way of life to maintain the old. The Bastaards and the Cape People . . . the results of the human permutations and combinations of the early Cape days, living their self-contained lives apart from the whites, intermarrying and establishing a new race on the earth. The outweighing, overbalancing millions of black people . . ."

Then there was Rhodes, the consumptive with six months to live, "with enough vice in him to keep his virtues earthbound . . . He planted fruit trees in batches of fifty thousand. One of his farms . . . was of a hundred thousand acres. The dam on it held fifty million gallons of water. The avenue to his Government House . . . was three miles long. In his streets a span of oxen could turn . . . When he sought wealth he made a million a year."

But when he spoke of people in South Africa he spoke small. He took account merely of the whites.

MRS. MILLIN packs in others: Zulus—Chaka, who killed two half-brothers to rule the Zulus and was killed by Dingaan, his half-brother, who then killed a company of Voortrekkers, whose Dutch fellows then drove thirty-six regiments of Zulus into Blood River. And Griquas and Xosas, Basutos under Moshesh, etc.

Old Man De Beers, too, who had diamonds found in 1870 on the land he had taken from the veldt, sold his acres for 6,000 guineas, had his name fused in absentia to the colossus which last year reported 400 per cent profit, added to the 300 per cent of the year before, and to the wealth of all the generation preceding.

And then the farce "that has always been . . . in South Africa—the way its great lands have gone from one to another. People with no right to sell have sold to people who knew they had no right to buy." And political booty-seizing: "Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, with eight Civil Servants (one of whom was Rider Haggard) and twenty-five policemen, rode into Pretoria and annexed the South African Republic. It made him

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impatient, he said, to see the way the Boers were mismanaging their affairs.

All this and more has to be read, and pondered, for understanding. The solution? No one can say, even though Anthony Trollope ventured to in 1877: "South Africa is a country of black men—and not of white men. It has been so; it is so; and it will be so."

Out of this book comes certainty? No certainty. But knowledge Mrs. Millin does give in the volume now four-fifths redone for its first American edition.

CARVETH WELLS's "Introducing Africa" is not so well redone. It still retains the flavor of 1944 when it was first published. Even in 1944 that flavor had not always the right taste. An intriguing passage is found in the first chapter in both editions: "The Union of South Africa is *for all practical purposes* an independent nation." The italics are ours, but the flavor is of a generation past. Chapter One has one great change, however: its statistical tables record that in these years since 1944 the population of Africa has been increased by forty million. Statistics are not among the certainties of Africa. In both editions the text says Africa "has room for a population of 800 millions." Room to live?

It is also stated in both editions that "of all the African countries Liberia can claim the greatest degree of independence. Yet circumstances that are mainly economic have tended to place Liberia under the influence of the Firestone Plantations Company and thus under that of the United States of America."

The first of these statements would be difficult and the second impossible to sustain. One comment only on the second. The very considerable, though fluctuating, influence of America with Liberia began about 105 years before the Firestone advent in that Republic. And the principal base of that influence has been ideological. This long-established American influence, found nowhere else in Africa, obviously weighed favorably, perhaps decisively, in the Firestone decision thirty years ago to enter. Firestone and other later important American industrial undertakings have in appreciable degrees strengthened some of these ideological ties.

Examination of these two volumes shows that a basically sound work of interpretation, when it is carefully updated, can be as fresh, factual, illuminating, and stimulating as when its first ink went on paper, even though the nation and world with which it deals have undergone great change.

Succession in the Soviet

"Crisis in the Kremlin," by Maurice Hindus *(Doubleday. 319 pp. $3.95), is an attempt to discover high Kremlin strategy through observations made in the USSR and its satellites. Here it is reviewed by Barrington Moore, Jr., member of the research staff of the Russian Research Center, Harvard University, and author of "Soviet Politics: The Dilemma of Power."*

By Barrington Moore, Jr.

MANY Americans have made their fortunes and reputations by leaving their ancestral villages and seeking a wider arena for their talents. Years ago Maurice Hindus had the happy thought of reversing the process and has become well known for his many descriptions of his return trips to the Russian village where he was born. His forte is the vivid anecdote, which brings to life in human terms the larger processes of upheaval through which the Russian countryside has passed since the Revolution. Largely deprived of this base by the postwar policy of the Soviet Government, his hand is less sure on broader, current problems.

Mr. Hindus's newest work, "Crisis in the Kremlin," is essentially a pot pourri of miscellaneous observations and reflections on his travels in the Soviet Union nearly ten years ago, in Czechoslovakia before the Communist coup, and in Iran in 1947, along with comments on the Korean War and Soviet policy in general. A more appropriate title would have been "Pages from a Traveler's Scrapbook."

—*Yardley, in the* Baltimore Sun.

"Permanent or Temporary Paint Job?"

There is very little in "Crisis in the Kremlin," either in the form of facts or interpretation, that the general reader and scholar cannot find better said in half a dozen other books. Nevertheless, there are occasional gleanings. The sketch of a provincial Party boss, absorbed in the economic and technical problems of his area, does convey the tone and atmosphere of this role and has some added value as its subject has since risen to national prominence. Likewise there are some revealing sidelights on Litvinov's frustration with his superiors, which bring out the familiar difficulty of forcing contrary views upward through a bureaucracy.

THROUGHOUT the book there is a unifying theme that requires comment since it represents a viewpoint that is now widespread. Mr. Hindus submits one version of the thesis that our greatest allies are the Russian people. In his opinion, Stalin and Zhdanov ignored deep popular aspirations for peace after the war and forced upon the Soviet people an expansionist policy that finally met serious defeat in Korea. This the Soviet leaders supposedly did because they were blinded by Marxist stereotypes and failed to understand the psychology of the West or to concern themselves with that of their own people. But now, says the author, "The new men at the helm of the Soviet state [cannot] fail to realize that the people are more internationally minded than they have ever been in their history."

There is a considerable measure of truth, I believe, in this line of argument, but it requires sharp qualification. Though the new regime has made a number of concessions to popular sentiment, it has not yet given any sign of dismantling its totalitarian controls. Indeed, it appears to have taken vigorous action to shore up the structure at its weakest points, particularly among the peasantry. Nothing is more foreign to Bolshevism than the notion that a political leader ought to follow the will of the people. Instead, Bolshevik leaders regard popular sentiment merely as one factor among many in any political situation. In their view it may be neces-

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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Intimations of Imitation

THE sukiyaki bowls had been cleared from the dinner table and the crisp round Japanese pears were being passed when my host put the question to me.

"Did you marry Mrs. Cousins to love?" he asked with a smile.

I bit hard into the crisp round Japanese pear, swallowed slowly, and then smiled back to hide my embarrassment. "I am afraid I didn't get the question," I said finally.

"Did you marry her for to love?" he repeated, still smiling. "Here in Japan it was custom for parents to put young people together in marriages. Very few young people were able to choose each other because parents tell them whom to marry. That is why I ask whether your parents have put you and Mrs. Cousins together."

My smile this time did not have to be contrived. I told my host that our respective parents had not put Mrs. Cousins and me together. The general idea had been mine, or so I believed at the time; later I learned that Mrs. Cousins had thought of it first. In any event, it was customary in most parts of the United States for young people to marry out of love.

Mr. Takahara, a Japanese art dealer who had been to the United States twice, joined the conversation.

"Here, too, in Japan, things are now changing because of America, and it is now happening more and more that young people marry for love, but it is not working out too well. Our young people try to do everything the American people do. They go to the American movies and watch closely the way you live and then they come out of the movies and try to do the same things. Our young girls observe the way American girls dress in the moving pictures and in the big picture magazines. They look at the way your American girls put on paint for the lips and tear out hairs from their eyebrows and use strange devices to make their nursing glands appear larger. They watch all this, then do the same things. But most of all they watch the way young people love each other in the movies and then come away and do it, too. And they turn against their parents because they think that what America does is right. I have great regard for America and I respect the attitude of the parents there, but I think maybe for Japan the old way is best."

AS MR. TAKAHARA spoke I thought of the fact that there was a serious shortage of rice in Japan, but cosmetics were flourishing. You had a difficult time finding lumber to build a new home, but motor cars had been imported by the thousands. Coal production had dropped far below essential requirements, but there was an abundance of fancy clothing. Japan's economy had ceased to be basic; it had been inflated by American spending for the Korean War and by our Occupation spending in general. Extravagance, carelessness in all phases of production, the emphasis upon luxury goods, an inability to bolster exports in order even remotely to approach imports—all these were dangerously undermining the Japanese economy.

But even more costly than the importation of luxury goods was the importation of ideas and customs. The strip-tease was now standard entertainment for nightclubs and even theatres. In fact, the strip-tease had become almost as commonplace as the American bebop and hot jazz that provided the background music. It seemed strange at first to many Japanese that a woman taking off her clothes should be considered saleable entertainment, for the Japanese had never attached special importance to nudity, one way or the other. But after a while they began to see it through Western eyes, as American soldiers and visitors manifested much more interest in undressed Japanese women than they did in the overdressed actors of the Kabuki theatre.

I also recalled a conversation with Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, whose stature as a Christian leader is recognized throughout the world. Dr. Kagawa had referred to the concern felt by older Japanese over the cheapening of moral and social values in recent years.

"It would be all right if the new free ways of the young Japanese were better than the old ways," he said. "But the new free ways have gone too far. There are now more than 50,000 prostitutes in the country, most of them stationed near your military posts. And there are now thousands of fake Geisha girls who are really prostitutes and their main business is carried on with Japanese. Last year, more than 800,000 abortions were recorded. Of course, abortion in Japan is legal, and I do not mean to suggest that any large number of them was caused by relations between American soldiers and Japanese girls, whether prostitutes or not. But the number of abortions is growing all the time. So we are very worried. Up until now we have not been strong enough to take necessary measures, but soon we think Japanese people as a whole will be sickened by what is happening and will do something about it; and we hope that America will help us by being more strict in handling her military posts."

It would be a mistake to say that America must assume sole responsibility for the nature of Japan's imports and the processing given to those imports in the social economy. It takes more than foreign glamour or the power of suggestion to cause a nation to lose its footing. Imitation is a perilous business at best, especially when the imitator may be mistaking some surface manifestations for the real thing. Even so, the American friend of Japan today is justified in being disturbed. He wonders what went wrong, that so little of the true America should have failed to come through and inspire and make its proper mark.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DUNSANY—A "DELIGHT"

THANK YOU for giving us the delight of reading Lord Dunsany's remarks ["The Leaden Bells of Modern Poetry," *SR* Feb. 6]. . . . Even the relatively intelligible older poetry praised by Lord Dunsany falls completely within the frame of the definition of poetry given by the late Stephen Leacock (in "Literary Lapses"): "It may be designated, simply and fairly, as the art of expressing a simple truth in a concealed form of words, any number of which, at intervals greater or less, may or may not rhyme."

That, of course, needs now to be revised to read ". . . the art of obscuring a thought, or of concealing the absence of reason. . . ."

ALAN F. RANDOLPH.

Wilmington, Del.

DUNSANY—"ABSURDLY PEEVISH"

LORD DUNSANY'S ABSURDLY PEEVISH remarks about modern poetry reveal so much more about Lord Dunsany than about the poetry of recent times that it is unnecessary for anyone to defend that abstraction "modern poetry." Whatever one may conclude about Lord Dunsany and his acquaintance with the subject of his pronouncements and rhetorical questions, it is pertinent to wonder why the editors of *The Saturday Review*, after reading the newspaper accounts of Lord Dunsany's blanket denunciation, should request a copy for publication. . . . Whatever the offenses of this "modern poetry," such prejudices as Lord Dunsany emits have no place in a view or a review of literature.

JOHN MCCHESNEY.

Salisbury, Conn.

DUNSANY—"THREE CHEERS"

THREE TIMES THREE CHEERS for Lord Dunsany and the "Leaden Bells"! Many years ago, as medical students learning the art of Physical Diagnosis, among the adventitious sounds we were supposed to recognize was one by the name of the "cracked-pot" sound, which precisely described it. This note appears to be a frequent sign in the pathology of Modern Poetry, and points towards a correct diagnosis in that variety of virus infection.

FREDERICK FRALEY, M.D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DUNSANY—"DREARILY FAMILIAR PATH"

THE ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE'S ATTACK upon contemporary poets, as exemplified by Lord Dunsany's editorial, seems always to follow the same drearily familiar path. First, one insinuates that all modern poetry is written in some godless, anarchic jabber called "free verse." Then, one goes on to point out that most modern poets don't themselves know what they are talking about, let alone the audience. (To illustrate these two points, quote from absolutely the worst trash that has somehow managed to get published. It follows that the best contemporary poetry is of about the same quality.) The clincher is a pious glance backward toward the Elizabethan pantheon.

But actually how much modern poetry is "free verse"? Or "non-metrical" verse? (And is all "non-metrical" verse of the same quality?) Does Lord Dunsany ever *try* to understand modern poetry? I have the impression that had he been contemporary with Milton, Lord Dunsany would have been one of those critics who protested that the Great Puritan couldn't even write decent, traditional English syntax. And surely Lord Dunsany would have been terribly disturbed by the unrhymed lines in "Lycidas."

MORTON D. PALEY.

New York, N. Y.

DUNSANY—"A TILT WITH WINDMILLS"

I FEEL THAT *SR* did itself a grave disservice when it dignified Dunsany's diatribe by printing it as an editorial. His attack on the absence of meter in poetry was fully anticipated and rebuked by the practice of Walt Whitman and Amy Lowell generations ago. To attempt to revive such a tilt with windmills is to show an ignorance of the state of poetry. The writers of free verse do not suggest that free verse and metered verse are antipathetic and that one is right and the other wrong. There is obviously a place for all kinds of poetry and those who would restrict the possibilities are merely showing their own limitations. . . .

The other charge with which your critic releases his spleen is the old horse of obscurity. Shades of Robert Browning! Shades of "Hamlet"! Why didn't Shakespeare say exactly what he meant instead of leaving all those ambiguities and contradictions? The man who refuses to ponder with a poet, who wants his verse in "plain English," is a man whose sensibilities make him incapable of fully appreciating Shakespeare or any poet who is wrestling with the resistance of language to communicate the subtleties of feeling in a new way.

BILL READ.

Boston, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Not on Maiden Lane! You'll have to take them over to Broadway."

GIRLS IN THE BUSH

AFTER CHUCKLING OVER Horace Sutton's advance notice on the all-girl "skin-swim" safari to darkest Africa ["Don't Shoot 'til You See the Mascara of Their Eyes," *SR* Jan. 16], I couldn't refrain from conjuring up a few lines of verse which might well have been added by a Kipling to that pack of "Just So" jungle stories that offers an explanation for everything from elephant trunks to camel humps:

They're going to match pink bottomi
With the hippopotami
  Where the jungle shadows fall.
And if there linger any thoughts
On what makes leopards lose their spots,
  There shouldn't be at all.

RICHARD G. BEIDLEMAN.

Fort Collins, Colo.

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Concerning Kabuki

By FAUBION BOWERS

The current New York performances by the Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians have stimulated interest in the great Japanese theatrical art form. A knowledgeable Kabuki connoisseur, Faubion Bowers, was official U.S. censor of the Japanese theatre during the American occupation. He is the author of "Japanese Theatre" and "Dance in India."

MID-FEBRUARY brought to New York's Century Theatre, as preface to a tour that will take them all around the globe, the Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians, the first troupe of its kind ever to visit America from Japan. Miss Azuma Tokuho, who heads the troupe, is an accomplished dancer and daughter of a celebrated Kabuki actor, the late Uzaemon XV. According to the traditions of Kabuki, she was excluded from participation on the stage. Her perseverance, however, and her indefatigable energy, coupled with the brilliance of her dancer husband, Fujima Masaya, resulted in the creation of a new style of dancing; the Azuma-*ryu*, or Azuma-school. In it she remains obedient to the distinguished tradition of her father, while adding her own special flavor to these dance evocations of Kabuki (which, it may be mentioned, is pronounced kah-boo-kee, with no stress on any syllable).

For those who have seen Uday Shan-Kar, Ram Gopal, and more recently the Dancers of Bali, Azuma Tokuho represents an important step in filling out a knowledge of Asian dance. Less folklike in spirit than the Balinese dancers and more true to formal tradition than Shan-Kar, Azuma Tokuho presents her own distillation of one of the oldest and most important theatrical art forms in the world. To define and explain this great theatre of Kabuki for those who have never seen it is a somewhat complicated matter.

Probably the best approach would be to relate it to full Shakespearian theatre at its height in Elizabethan times. Certainly there are obvious parallels between them. They date from the same period. Both originally forbade women actresses on their stages, and real Kabuki still does. Both are full of blood and thunder, of murder and revenge, and of the supernatural. Each shows a lively curiosity as to what happened in palaces and with the lives of nobles, princes, and kings. Each is tender toward the common man and his fate. But, of course, there are major differences. Kabuki, for instance, is still performed more or less as it originally developed in the seventeenth century. It is also popularly supported in Japan today as the country's most active and beloved theatre—a statement which, unfortunately, cannot be made about Shakespeare either in England or America. Kabuki remains the oldest classical theatre in the world still maintained by a ticket-buying public.

The theatrical attitude of the Japanese is different from that of the West. It is an almost compulsory ritual for the family to go together once a year to Kabuki. They may attend either the "matinee" (which lasts from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon) or the "evening" performance (from four to ten or eleven). If the family is able to afford it, they may spend all day in the theatre—during the intermissions eating in one of the several restaurants housed in the huge building, shopping for souvenirs in the countless stalls, or chatting with friends. The several Kabuki theatres of Japan are large and comfortable. The Kabuki-Za, Tokyo, for example, seats around 3,000 people and has probably the largest stage of any legitimate theatre in the world. People casually saunter in and out during performances; lost, wandering children cry for their parents; and nursing babies are fed while their mothers gaze entranced at the onstage spectacle.

DURING performances the Japanese express their appreciation vocally. Applause, they feel, should be given at the moment of excellence and not at the end, they say, when it is all over. At climactic moments, members of the audience will shout their approval with a variety of phrases, equivalent to "I have waited for this!" or employing the name of the star. The Kabuki connoisseur may call out a "hidden" name of the actor (each Kabuki actor bears several names, including some for poetry writing and picture painting) or his "number" inherited from a long line of actors who have held the same name in the past. Sometimes the Japanese in their enthusiasm will anticipate a great scene with calls of approval, and this, far from being distracting to the Kabuki actor, spurs him on and heightens his own enthusiasm for the moment in the play. (Some resemblances to the behavior of fans at an important American baseball game are obvious.)

Kabuki, however, is in no sense a primitive stage. It possesses a fantastic sense of spectacle which has led

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to the development of a number of startling devices. For instance, 250 years ago the Japanese invented the revolving stage, and through the centuries it has become indispensable to and characteristic of Kabuki. It allowed the playwright to write with lightning-fast scene shifts in mind, if he liked, as well as let him set his scenes in a wide variety of disparate places. Without the revolving stage to answer the playwright's demands, Kabuki—like Shakespeare and the Chinese opera—would have had to content itself with virtually no scenery at all.

PERHAPS today the most striking difference between Western and Japanese stagecraft is the *hanamichi.* This is a sort of wide ramp which extends from right stage to the rear of the theatre about head level with the audience. Actors make their most important entrances and exits on it. As a Kabuki hall is never darkened, the lights along each side of the *hanamichi* (protected by heavy, translucent glass) cast up additional light on the faces of the actors as they appear.

Kabuki is full of trick devices—trap doors which enable supernatural characters to rise up to (and sink down from) the stage into the basement of the theatre, women that suddenly turn into men or fully armed warriors, men that change into foxes, climb trees, swing from pulleys, fly up to rooftops, and even emerge onto the stage from the back seats of the theatre through the aisles. In one dance, "The Maiden at Dojoji Temple," the dancer has nine different costume changes, all of which take place during the dance on stage before the audience's eyes.

Against such a setting and couched in the magnificence of gorgeous and elaborate costumes, the Kabuki actor earnestly and intently displays his prodigious craft. A number of factors go into the making of this high standard of acting. To begin with, you can not "become" a Kabuki actor. You are born into an acting family, or, as it sometimes happens, you may be adopted from the family of a friend. Your stage name is hereditary and changes as you grow in proficiency. It is normal to make your debut at the age of five, and ordinarily you will continue to perform for approximately twenty-five days a month, eleven months a year (the programs change each month regardless of their success or failure) until you die. Meanwhile you are constantly being trained by the senior actors. Actors who play women's roles are particularly disciplined. In order to perfect the smooth, sliding walk of, say, the courtesan, the young actor must practise with a thin sheet of paper pinched between his knees. If his knees separate, the paper falls, and it becomes obvious that the walk is not yet perfected.

In the course of such long careers actors learn a vast number of roles as well as several different kinds of acting. Nearly all actors today can, if necessary, play the part of a young, middle-aged, or old man, or represent characters of high or low rank, or of heroic or villainous disposition, and—of course—appear as women of various station. Some actors because of their beauty and aptitude specialize in women's roles. They, while leading ordinary, conventional lives, playing baseball, and rearing large families, are often idolized by their fans for their exquisite onstage femininity. The Kabuki "woman" has by now after three centuries become so accepted that *geishas* and other women sometimes imitate their movements in daily life.

As difficult as it is to explain what Kabuki is like to a Westerner, it is

(*Continued on page 37*)

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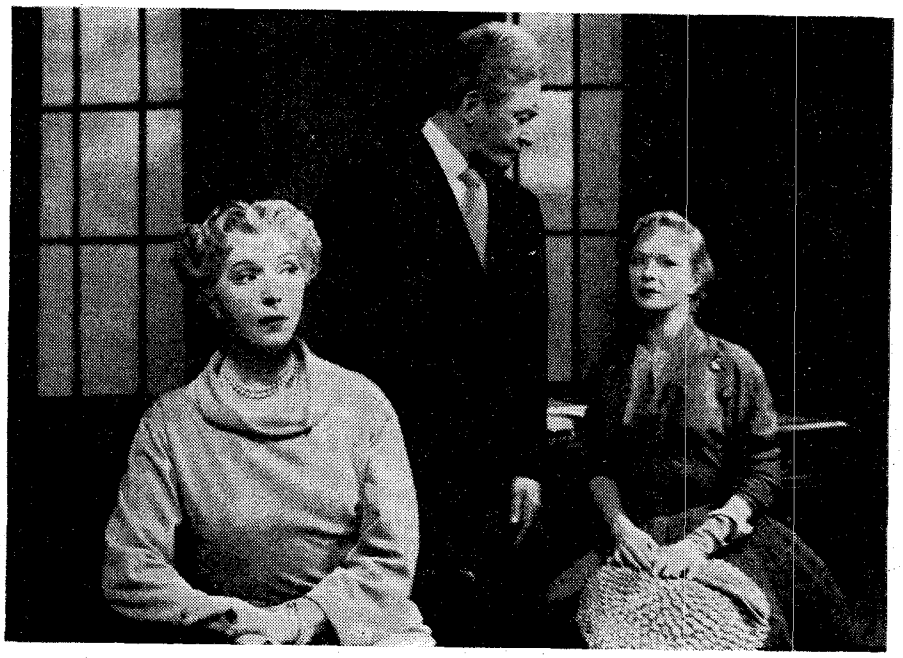
Seeing Things

NOT WITH A BANG



Ina Claire, Claude Rains, Joan Greenwood—"unwillingness to say simple things simply."

IF EVERYBODY did not know that T. S. Eliot was its author, it would be instructive to see what people would say about "The Confidential Clerk."* But everybody does know and, because of knowing, comes to the theatre in a special mood. The stalwarts to whom Mr. Eliot is more a religion than a man approach his latest work as pilgrims, with heads bowed and hallelujahs already formed in their throats. Even the less devout, who suspect he may be mortal, are intimidated by his name.

And why not? Few literary figures in our time have had so profound an influence as this tall, haggard Englishman from St. Louis, who in looks is so much closer to John Foster Dulles than Byron. Both as poet and critic his work has been of that kind which, instead of merely winning admirers, creates idolators. Among the latter, in Mr. Goldwyn's phrase, include me out. I know of no writer I respect, and respect profoundly, who can irritate me more than Mr. Eliot. His pedantry, his love of the obscure, his frequent unwillingness to say simple things simply, his ability to make the obvious seem difficult, and his reluctance to have dramatic poetry sound like poetry—all these I find annoying. Yet I trust I recognize Mr. Eliot's exceptional merits. Having recently reread his "Complete Poems and Plays" and dipped again into his "Selected Essays," I am all the more aware of the firmness of his critical mind, the sinewy and conquering power of his serious poetry at its best, and the beguiling, though often overlooked, gaiety of his humor as it shows itself in his light verse.

Mr. Eliot cannot be blamed for the foolishness of his more worshipful followers. The history of literature is filled with important writers who have been the victims of their disciples. Mr. Eliot is one of these. Had he been only a poet willing to sing songs the meaning and music of which were always clear, he would not have been so embarrassed as he must be by some of his votaries. But he is also a scholar, at home with the recondite and given to playing grave academic games in his verse. His immense erudition has made him, though a creator, the pet of those who are only scholars. In him the double-domes have found a stately pleasure dome; in his poems and plays, a sacred river which runs through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea. The more "swaddled with darkness" his meaning, the greater their delight.

My hope had been that in "The Confidential Clerk" Mr. Eliot would disappoint his esoteric devotees. The word from England was that simple people could sit before it without discomfort. Advance reports from the Boston-Cambridge area, where Eliotites are as plentiful as elms used to be, were reassuring. I was told by some of the elite of learning that, though they of course understood Mr. Eliot's newest work, I would have a good time at it even if I could not understand it. It was a farce, they said, and all I would have to do would be to relax and enjoy it.

But then, as often happens, bad news came from Washington. From *The New York Times* I gathered that Mr. Eliot had once again refused to make his intentions clear. "Old Possum," in other words, was up to his familiar tricks and his impractical cats, the meaning-hunters, were having their biggest field day since "The Cocktail Party." To my dismay I read in the *Times* that scholars had found an obvious Trinitarian significance in Mr. Eliot's new work. According to them, Act I is the Father, Act II the Son, Act III the Holy Ghost. Others delighted themselves by wondering if Colby (one of the illegitimate children in the play) is meant to be a latter-day Christ; if Sir Claude (the possible father of two of these children) is a slightly disillusioned Divinity; and Lucasta (another of the illegitimates) a Soho Mary Magdalene.

PLEASE, I beg of you, do not expect me to give any answers to these questions, which failed to agitate me. Instead, permit me, with what clarity I can muster, to state what I assume (assume, mind you) are the plot essentials of Mr. Eliot's latest joke with himself and on his public. Let us begin before the beginning. Apparently the scholarly Mr. Eliot finds comfort, when starting a modern play, in knowing that the Greeks had a plot for it. Just as "The Cocktail Party" is alleged to have been derived from Euripides's "Alcestis," so "The Confidential Clerk" has its very remote origins in his "Ion." Gilbert would seem more relevant to me, or the Wilde of "Earnest," Miss Prism, and the Brighton Line.

Roughly, very roughly, Sir Claude Mulhammer (Claude Rains) and his wife, Lady Elizabeth (Ina Claire), have had no children *since* their marriage. Before that, however, out of wedlock Lady Elizabeth had a boy

*THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, a comedy by T. S. Eliot. Directed by E. Martin Browne. Settings by Paul Morrison. Presented by Henry Sherek and The Producers' Theatre (Roger L. Stevens, Robert Whitehead, Robert W. Dowling). With Ina Claire, Claude Rains, Joan Greenwood, Aline MacMahon, Newton Blick, Richard Newton, and Douglas Watson. At the Morosco Theatre, New York City. Opened February 11, 1954.

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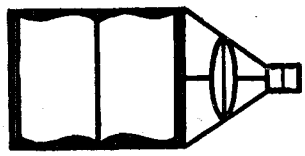

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(Richard Newton) and Sir Claude a girl (Joan Greenwood), and he thinks he is the father of Colby (Douglas Watson), his new confidential clerk. The trouble is that Lady Elizabeth is convinced and hopes that Colby is her son. It turns out that, instead of being the child of either of the titled Mulhammers, he is the offspring of a Mrs. Guzzard (Aline MacMahon), a poor woman who, in order to secure for Colby advantages he would not otherwise have had, has pretended all these years that she was his aunt and that Colby was the son of Sir Claude by her sister who had died in having him.

If you follow me, which I find myself dizzied by trying to do, you must admit that such a complicated saga of baby swapping and illegitimacy points to a laughing treatment. But Mr. Eliot has no Mayfair "Pinafore" or 3-D version of "The Importance of Being Earnest" in mind. He is in a grave mood. What happened to the farce benevolent Bostonians promised remains a mystery like Mr. Eliot's real meaning. Although he inserts jokes here and there, they are as infrequent as the plums in the pudding at an orphanage. Perhaps the best line of the evening is the flighty Lady Elizabeth's, "I don't believe in facts." Typical of some of the others is such an interchange as, "She has lapses of memory?"—"I don't mean that. No, she hasn't very much memory to lose." The more fervid of Mr. Eliot's followers were loyal enough to laugh heartily at this point. Some of the rest of us, however, who were no less anxious to have a good time, found that most of Mr. Eliot's jests ended not with a bang but a whimper.

There are those who believe that in "The Confidential Clerk" Mr. Eliot has made an advance in his mastery of stagecraft. I wish I could agree with them, for it is important to have the theatre served by such a talent as his. Perhaps there is a little more facility in spreading the plot through three acts. Nonetheless, his new play seems hopelessly wordy to me, lacking in its many serious stretches the intensity and interest which gave such compulsion to the second act of "The Cocktail Party."

Printed as verse, his dialogue is deliberately stripped of poetry and has the quality of clean, though colorless, prose. It is surprising and disappointing to have Mr. Eliot, a master of language, suggest loneliness by such an image (wilted even before Frances Hodgson Burnett used it) as "You have your secret garden to which you can retire/ And lock the gate behind you." Yet this is characteristic of much of the writing.

Far be it from me to say with

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certainty what Mr. Eliot is up to or to read religious symbols into his text. My guess would be, however, that he is writing about frustrations and the cost of choices—the frustration of a man of affairs who would rather have been a potter; of a young musician who has been forced into business because he knows he will always be a second-rate organist; and of a husband and wife who have never understood each other and have been denied the love of children.

From an audience's point of view the delight of the evening is Ina Claire as Lady Elizabeth. All the farcical joy, all the glitter of high comedy, that Mr. Eliot meant to supply in his script, she supplies in her person. She is a chic Lady Bracknell, a delectable worldling, an irresistible scatterbrain, writing comedy that is unwritten for her by the sparkle of her eyes, the laughter in her voice, and the implications of her expressions. More than being a superb comedienne, Miss Claire is the Comic Spirit incarnate. She proves her range when, suddenly, she changes her mood:

> . . . Of course, there's something in us,
> In all of us, which isn't just heredity,
> But something unique. Something we have been
> From eternity. Something . . . straight from God.
> That means that we are nearer to God than to anyone.

As she speaks these words that "something" seems very near indeed.

Claude Rains reads admirably the long and windy speeches of Sir Claude and does his best to humanize him. Joan Greenwood, as his daughter, moves with arresting grace, but I must admit I enjoyed neither her mannered playing nor the foghorn rumblings of her voice. Douglas Watson, so excellent as Eros in Miss Cornell's "Antony and Cleopatra," and so promising a Romeo with Miss De Havilland, seems strangely negative and wooden as Colby, the frustrated musician. As Mrs. Guzzard, Mr. Eliot's sibylline version of Miss Prism, Aline MacMahon not only has great dignity but also creates the illusion of saying words of true wisdom. And as Eggerson, the retired clerk, Newton Blick gives a warm and ingratiating performance.

The pity is that in "The Confidential Clerk" Mr. Eliot never seems to have made up his mind what kind of play he was writing, and that in both its serious and farcical moods so much of it is a waste land in which only the most avid meaning-hunters among his devotees will find the pleasure we all hoped for.

—John Mason Brown.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Serpent in the Orchard

HOMOSEXUALITY has always been a difficult subject to discuss on the stage. While many of the theatre's finest talents have considered that the problem was the most important one in their lives, they have either felt obliged to exclude it from their work or to work with it in disguised form. The stand taken by André Gide when he openly admitted his aberration is one that succeeded to some extent in the more private medium of the novel and in France, where the premium on conformity is not so high as in England or America. In "The Immoralist," the stage version of M. Gide's autobiographical novel, Ruth and Augustus Goetz have turned out a documentary salute to this forthright approach to the homosexual's dilemma and have hoped that there will be a sufficiently large audience courageous enough to admit publicly that they respect the late author's honesty, if not his unrespectable weakness.

As such a documentary "The Immoralist" is a good one. Michel, the young homosexual determined not to follow his abnormal instincts, marries Marcelline out of desperation. Moving from Normandy to North Africa, Michel puts up an "honorable" fight to stay normal, even though his marriage is a sexual failure. With overwhelming pressure from the pastoral influences around him and his own repressed desire (which has manifested itself in consumption), he finally yields. But he tries to keep his curative afternoons in the date orchard from Marcelline. Since doubt can be worse than the most unpleasant known fact, Marcelline takes to drink and begins to lose her mind. Michel then understands that the only solution is to tell the truth to her and to the world. At the play's final curtain one is left with the impression that Michel is a homosexual living ahead of his time and that at some later date in the history of civilization it will be possible for the abnormal to live undisguised and unapologetic within our society. The details of the play's narration vary enormously from the original book and one wonders if Gide's life might have been profoundly affected if he, like Michel in the play, had had a child by his wife. Is there less moral stigma attached to being bisexual? Is homosexuality condemned only for reasons of puritanical bigotry, or is it—always and absolutely—a degenerate and evil practice? But these questions do not belong to the new plot.

Simplified as it is, the play is still moderately absorbing and sufficiently provocative to cause lively after-the-theatre discussions. As a play, however, "The Immoralist" only moves into the area of genuine drama when the authors are able to broaden their base to involve all of us. The "dishonorable" marriage, with Michel not wanting separateness and yet not wanting oneness, can be applied to everyone who leads two lives that have nothing whatever to do with each other and who as a result find them—as T. S. Eliot points out—both unreal.

The other theme to be broached, if gently, is the problem of how to operate with honor as an admitted homosexual in a world that holds such behavior disgraceful. "I am exploited by those who are like me, and shunned by those who are not," is the painfully true line Marcel has to say in "The Immoralist." This is the same theme Tennessee Williams broaches more universally in "Camino Real." There he makes the homosexual just one of a group of romantics with this problem. In "Camino Real" the yielding to a homosexual urge is a romantic folly. In "The Immoralist" it is simply a matter of an intelligent man's recognition of an inherent physical sensuality.

Louis Jourdan, as the handsome Michel, not only resembles the late M. Gide, but gives a quiet and direct performance that catches audience sympathy for a traditionally unsympathetic role without descending to the device of pity. Geraldine Page as Marcelline shows more control but less fire than in her previous appearances. She is like a wild pitcher who has a great fast ball, but has to go back to throwing at half-speed in order to get the ball over the plate.

Director Danny Mann, who took over the play in mid-passage, has been able to do only a partial job in breathing his energy and emotional truth into the players. Yet the part of the job he has done has lifted the piece out of a carefully formulated documentary into an experience that often has considerable artistic validity. You may not be very touched by "The Immoralist" but, thanks to this validity, you will not soon forget the questions it touches upon.

—Henry Hewes.

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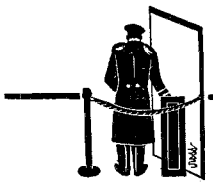

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Moonlight Cocktail Man

DURING a brief lull in the fighting in France just about ten years ago one grimy dogface said, quite sincerely, "I wonder what Glenn Miller is doing now." He was part of a whole generation that had grown up with Miller's music, had danced to it in high school or college or on the USO juke-boxes, may even have marched to it in the Army or Air Corps. To that generation **"The Glenn Miller Story"** will have a special appeal. In a way, it is their story, too —a story that includes unemployment, the struggle for recognition, and the war.

Unlike most movie biographies, however, this one mercifully avoids both excessive sentimentality and cheap nostalgia, concentrating instead on Miller's ceaseless drive to mold for himself a band that would have a distinctive new sound, a band that would be more important than any of its individual front men. Certainly a number of liberties have been taken in compressing twenty hectic years into two smooth-flowing hours on the screen. Names, dates, and places are scrambled for reasons that are probably clear enough to the script writers, Valentine Davies and Oscar Brodney; but for many the memory of Miller's music is still too green to permit these discrepancies to go unnoticed. After all, one does tend to associate music with events and places. On the other hand, the script handles the main facts clearly and cleanly. Miller is neither oversold as a towering genius nor gilded as a super-hero who gave his life for his country and his art (although this might have been done more fittingly with Miller than with several who have been apostrophized in celluloid during the past few years).

As played by James Stewart, Glenn Miller is an engaging, talented young man with a driving ambition and an ever-increasing certainty about what he wants to do in music. From his first break as sideman and arranger with Ben Pollack's band (the almost-legendary Pollack plays himself in this film) to the moment when his own band clicks with its new sound, the picture makes it amply clear that Miller's popularity was no mere whim of fortune. Few films have gone to such lengths to suggest the amount of painstaking effort that enters into the creative process, and it's absorbing to watch a song evolve or a band begin to take shape. As Miller works at the piano on his "Moonlight Serenade," we follow the music's growth instrument by instrument into a full-bodied orchestration. The sound track is especially effective in the band rehearsal just before their first big date. The music seems *almost* like the familiar Miller arrangements. Then the first trumpeter splits his lip and Miller substitutes a clarinet for the lead. And all at once, that well-remembered silvery sound is there. There is ample footage given over to convincingly accurate re-creations of such Miller standards as "Tuxedo Junction," "Chattanooga Choo Choo," and "String of Pearls," but probably the musical—and visual—high-point is reached in a rollicking jam session involving Louis Armstrong and his All Stars, Gene Krupa, and the fine unbilled trombonist who blows for James Stewart.

Even on a personal level "The Glenn Miller Story" manages to side-step the mawkish and obvious. True, June Allyson appears in another of her standard characterizations as the loyal and understanding little woman who spurs her man on whenever the going gets rough. But somehow in this picture it works. She and Stewart appear to be two people genuinely in love—and the script provides a credible basis for that love, something beyond a purely physical attraction. But perhaps the best evidence of the writers' supreme discretion is provided at the film's climax. Miller's plane has disappeared somewhere between London and Paris, a wartime casualty. General "Hap" Arnold phones Mrs. Miller to break the news. The temptation to make this into a big emotional scene, with Miss Allyson in closeup at the telephone, must have been almost irresistible—yet they did resist. All in all, the film emerges as a fitting tribute to a modest, hard-working, and thoroughly likable music-maker.

* * *

"The Holly and the Ivy," a British import, arrives a little late in the season to be recommended as ideal Christmas fare, which it is; but, fortunately, it has other virtues to commend it as well. Based on a play by Wynyard Browne, it deals with the family of an elderly vicar, each with his own problems, each with his own

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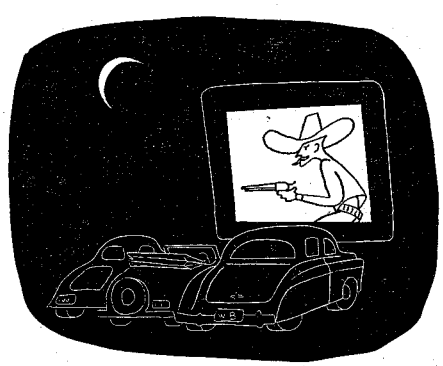
secrets, and each afraid to tell the unworldly old man for fear that he will not understand. Of course, he does understand; but not until there has been the kind of character revelation that happens far too rarely on the screen. True, the revelation comes largely through talk, but it is the talk of perceptive, intelligent, mature people. And coming from the lips of such impeccable performers as Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton, and Denholm Elliot, the words gain an added measure of purely sensuous delight.

* * *

In decided contrast to the polished, intellectual but essentially theatrical "Holly and the Ivy" is Alberto Lattuada's latest Italian effort, **"La Lupa"** ("The She-Wolf"). Here it is the camera that tells the story, a camera mobilized to wander through a moldering Italian town and out into the fields beyond, stopping here to view a religious procession or there for an expressive close-up of an angry face. "La Lupa" is based on a short story by Giovanni Verga, who also wrote the rather similar story on which "Cavalleria Rusticana" is based. It is a tale of primitive emotions and passions, subjects which the film—like opera—can handle rather more comfortably than such cerebral matters as self-analysis and spiritual guidance. The woman in "La Lupa" wants the young man simply because he's a man. When he rejects her, she arranges that he marry her daughter, then moves in on the couple. The action throughout is far from subtle, but Lattuada, both as director and scriptwriter, keeps his character delineation sharp, aided by a truly remarkable performance from Kerima as the mother and the sensitive work of a new beauty, May Britt, as the daughter. But it is the village itself that brings "La Lupa" to life. Because the action naturally and continually flows over into the streets and squares, the central situation becomes less an isolated study in erotica than an arresting demonstration of the havoc that one strongwilled woman can bring to an entire community.

—Arthur Knight.



MUSIC TO MY EARS

Münchinger of Stuttgart, Vegh Quartet, Dolores Wilson

KARL MÜNCHINGER and the fifteen members of the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra passed this way recently, bringing with them the sweet sonorities known from a dozen or more recordings and leaving behind a memory of some of the most adroit string performance heard in Town Hall in many a day. If it was not a wholly triumphant occasion it would be a consequence of the program, which was half-Bach, followed by Respighi's third set of "Old Airs and Dances" and the Honegger Symphony No. 2 for strings.

My point here has to do with the vibrance and even sonority of the subtly accomplished group, as heard in the six-part "Ricercare" from Bach's "Musikalische Opfer" (almost but not too romantically phrased) and in the Respighi. However, the two fast movements of the Third Brandenburg Concerto and the greater part of the E major Violin Concerto are straightaway, intensively bowed patterns in which this special distinction is minimized. Excellent articulation, of course, and wonderfully sensitive response to the director, but not as creditable to the players as they might have sounded in other things.

There was almost as much interest among the large audience in the violin soloist, Riccardo Odnoposoff, as there was in the unfamiliar ensemble. He has a Viennese background (prewar) and a more recent one in South America, plus more than a little esoteric repute for virtuosity based on some exceptional recordings. I doubt that Bach is his forte, but he played the solo part of the concerto with fine tone, unlimited dexterity, and not too solid style. However, he was sufficiently admired by the listeners to justify an encore: the prelude to the Sixth Partita (E major) played, unaccompanied of course, with great dash and brilliance.

IT IS not often that one hears such musical performance from four string players as the Vegh Quartet (out of Budapest by way of Paris) provided in its first Town Hall program. Most ensembles strive for discipline at the cost of enthusiasm, but the group headed by Sandor Vegh made the musical essence of Brahms (C minor), Bartók (No. 1, Opus 7), and Beethoven ("Rasoumovsky" No. 2, E minor, Opus 59) an ever-present concern, whatever the incidental costs in pure pitch, firmly centered tone, or meticulous balance.

I do not like to decry energetic, unvarnished music-making in any form, and at their best—which was unquestionably in Bartók—the members of the Vegh Quartet left no doubt of a total identification with the music in hand. Rather than being a matter of skills and sensitivities, one felt that this was a musical language in which they had been reared and to whose nuances and subtleties they were wholly adjusted. "Early" Bartók as it is, it still profits from this kind of keenly sympathetic performance.

In the Brahms and Beethoven it was evident that the players had a firmer grip on the slow movements, where technical demands were less rigorous, than they did in the fast ones. The uncertainties of pitch and the scratchiness of sound which marred the first movements of Brahms and Beethoven vanished when the players were working in more deliberate patterns. This had nothing to do with understanding, which was thoroughly informed at all times, but with execution. I had some feeling that the violinists were hampered in the execution of fast-moving passages by the high elbow and rigid wrist procedure of their Hungarian schooling. Also, placement of the cello opposite the first violin stressed his sound at the expense of the viola. Altogether, the Vegh Quartet is one that bears hearing, in as wide a repertory as possible.

AS REPORTED here from Aix-en-Provence last summer, the Metropolitan's newest florid specimen, Dolores Wilson (originally of Philadelphia), is a confident person in the part of Lucia. A good-looking young woman with a partly Italian background, Miss Wilson has a stronger articulation the higher she sings, with plentiful power in the "high" C, D, and E area. Also she is firmly grounded in this role and observes its dramatic necessities dutifully. For most of its range, however, Miss Wilson's voice is edgy and without aural charm. Time, and other roles, will tell more. Jan Peerce sang an Edgardo of formidable vocal strength and purpose on this occasion, with Renato Capecchi an excellent Ashton. —Irving Kolodin.

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The World

Continued from page 21

sary to yield to the wish of the masses at times, but popular sentiment generally represents a force which ought to be manipulated and, if necessary, ruthlessly suppressed for larger political purposes. Under these conditions any mass yearning for peace has rather little significance. Mr. Hindus is definitely on the side of the angels and the peasants in his general philosophy. Unfortunately, the political effectiveness of these agents remains limited in a totalitarian society.

Notes

THE ENGLISH STORY: In the 1920's, when optimism still ran strongly in the Western world, William Ralph Inge, the then Dean of St. Paul's, was often called the gloomy Dean. His book on England, written in 1926, was not offered to the American public until now when a revised edition, **"England"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.75), has found an American publisher. The latter may have felt that we were now ready for Inge, that our generation has caught up with, indeed surpassed, the tempered pessimism of the slightly sardonic Dean. Thirty years ago his attacks on socialism, welfare economics, and democracy would have been angrily and perhaps thoughtlessly dismissed as reactionary; today the other side of his argument, the deep concern for liberty and for the survival of the free and responsible citizen in a bureaucratic and industrialized society, engages our thought.

Much of Dean Inge's book, however, is not immediately controversial, but broadly informative and interpretative. The development of the English people and their institutions is summarized with pungency and erudition, and the fine chapter on the Soul of England prepares the reader for the Dean's proud conclusion that "never, even when the storm clouds appear blackest, have I been tempted to wish I was other than an Englishman." —FRITZ STERN.

TOP OF THE WORLD: The attempt of our government to establish stepping-stone air bases in Labrador, Baffin Land, and Greenland during the early years of World War II in order to facilitate the ferrying of war planes to Great Britain is detailed in Alexander Forbes's **"Quest for a Northern Air Route"** (Harvard University Press, $4). A distinguished physiologist, sailor, skier, and old Northland hand, Dr. Forbes was chosen to accompany Capt. Elliott Roosevelt on a preliminary survey of this harsh terrain, with the aim of picking suitable coastal landing sites. Later, the Navy sent him back to chart the all but unknown waters of Frobisher Bay, off Baffin Island, and the treacherous currents of the Koksoak River, which spills into huge Ungava Bay north of Labrador. Forbes was a logical man for these missions, since he was one of the very few having first-hand knowledge of the continent's far northeastern sea frontier, the result of a pioneer aerial survey he conducted in 1931.

There are no fireworks in this short autobiographical accounting, but Dr. Forbes writes well in a sure, courtly, good-humored manner, and he manages quietly to convey a sense of the awesome ruggedness of the territory.

Nor was he dismayed, having volunteered his task at the age of sixty, when the War Department eventually decided not to use this particular northern air route. Dr. Forbes feels that, at worst, it was all good fun, camping out among the glaciers and jousting with the world's worst rip tides. —J. M. FLAGLER.

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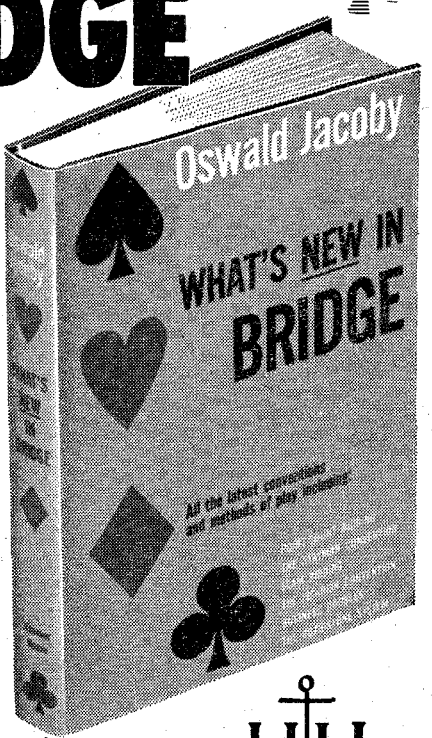

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

THE ALLIES AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Robert D. Warth. Duke University Press. $4.50. A study of the immediate effects, diplomatic and political, which the Russian Revolution had on the Western world.

AMERICAN PAINTING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By John I. H. Baur. Frederick A. Praeger. $3.25. A study, amply illustrated, of American painting in the last century, by the Curator of the Whitney Museum.

AMERICANS INTERPRET THEIR CIVIL WAR. By Thomas J. Pressly. Princeton University Press. $5. An examination of the shifting attitudes American critics have had about the Civil War, from the time of the war itself down to commentators like J. G. Randall, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Bernard DeVoto.

ANIMALS AND MEN. By David Katz. Penguin Books. Paperbound, 50¢. A comparison of the behavior of men and animals, by a professor of psychology.

ASIA AND WESTERN DOMINANCE. By K. M. Panikkar. The John Day Co. $7.50. A history, by an Indian historian, of the attempted colonization of a good part of the Asian continent by Europe, which was begun in the fifteenth century, and is now in the process of crumbling.

BOTTEGHE OSCURE XII. Edited by Marguerite Caetani. Farrar, Straus & Young. Paperbound, $2.50. Volume Twelve of the international magazine and/or book published in Rome. Included here is work by Auden, Malraux, Graves, Roethke, Wilbur, Goyen, Merwin, Deutsch, Hanson, Tucci, Soldati, Baro, etc., who have written poetry, fiction, drama, essays, autobiography, etc.

CARNIVAL BY THE SEA. By Sigrid de Lima. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. A new novel, by the author of "The Swift Cloud" and "The Captain's Beach," who likes her gruel gloomy, about a young man who returns home on a visit to see his cruel, be-parroted stepmother, who, among other things, had given him the jillies when he was young, driven away a husband, rejected an insane daughter, and lost another.

CHANGING GREENLAND. By Geoffrey Williamson. Library Publishers. $3.95. An account of the progress on all fronts made in Greenland, the world's largest island, population 22,000, during the past 150 years.

THE CHIP ON GRANDMA'S SHOULDER. By Robert Keith Leavitt. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. Reminiscence about the author's small-boy days in Bradford, Mass., at the turn of the century. Much revolves about his fire-breathing Grandma, who was a rum-hater and anti-tobacconist, and around the sunny backyards that were small-town life in those distant days.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR. By John Franklin Bardin. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. A quietly told story about a four-year-old boy, who has a fatal disease, and is brought from the hospital to be home on his last Christmas.

COMPANY MANNERS: A Cultural Inquiry Into American Life. By Louis Kronenberger. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. A cup of irony, a twist of wit, an elegant sentence—all combined by Mr. Kronenberger into a light-seated study of present-day American manners and morals.

THE EASTER EGG HUNT. By Speed Lamkin. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. Another novel by the tiger in the garden. This one is about Hollywood—which apparently hasn't changed since Scott Fitzgerald put a producer in the closet with his naked secretary—and the adventures there that are had by a Louisiana boy who is on the staff of *Life*.

ELEVEN BLUE MEN. By Berton Roueché. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A collection of Mr. Roueché's medical-detection pieces about strange diseases and their causes, all of which have previously appeared in *The New Yorker*.

ENEMIES OF THE STATE. By Francis X. Busch. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.75. Volume Four in the Notable American Trials series. This one includes the cases of Mary Surratt, convicted as a conspirator in the death of Lincoln; Albert Fall, and the Teapot Dome business; Al Capone; and the Rosenbergs.

FLORIDA FIASCO. By Rembert W. Patrick. University of Georgia Press. $5. A study of that part of the War of 1812 which was fought on and around the borders of Florida. The author is professor of history at the University of Florida.

THE FOUNDING FATHERS. By Nathan Schachner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6. A major study of the men who somehow held the country together during the first ten or so years of its life, by the author of "Alexander Hamilton."

THE FRONTIERS OF ECONOMIC KNOWLEDGE. By Arthur F. Burns. Princeton University Press. $5. A collection of sixteen essays on modern economic thought by one of our leading economists, who is, at the moment, Chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers.

GUARD YOUR DAUGHTERS. By Diana Tutton. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. An English novel about a well-off family which includes *five* daughters, only one of whom is married. The other four wonder and wonder. Then suddenly one of them runs off with somebody, the family hedgerows are burst asunder. Finally, in step reality and adjustment to a windier world.

THE HEART OF A PEACOCK. By Emily Carr. Oxford University Press. $4. A collection of some of the unpublished sketches written by Emily Carr, one of Canada's best painters and writers, before her death in 1945.

HISTORY OF THE ROSE. By Roy Shepherd. The Macmillan Co. $4.50. A history of the flower, which is not for backyard green thumbs, or even big-time green thumbs, but rather for the hybridizer and horticulturist.

JOHN KEATS: The Living Year. By Robert Gittings. Harvard University Press. $3.50. An attempt to describe in detail the year in Keats's life when he wrote some of his best poetry, and of how the everyday existence of that year was transposed into his work.

THE LEGACY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By W. G. De Burgh. Penguin Books. 2 vol. Paperbound, 65¢ each. A study of the cultural attainments of the ancient world that have filtered down into contemporary Western civilization.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON. By Peter Smithers. Oxford University Press. $6. A full-length biography of the co-author of the *Spectator*.

THE LITERARY ESSAYS OF EZRA POUND. Edited by T. S. Eliot. New Directions. $6. A collection of thirty-three of Ezra Pound's literary essays, edited by his old friend and student.

LOVE UNDER ANOTHER NAME. By Ethel Mannin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. The human bondage of an English sculptor who works for years in London, then Paris, and who finally creates a substantial work of art, but makes no money. In the meantime he is in and out of bed with everybody, before he gets married—to the wrong person.

MAHARANI. By Maharani of Kapurthala Brinda. Henry Holt & Co. $4.50. Some memoirs from the Maharani, who was a princess of a small Hindu country, and who was forced into a poor marriage by a dominating father; married again, she found refuge with her friends, some of whom have been the late King George and Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, Elsa Maxwell, and Cole Porter.

MAN, ROCKETS AND SPACE. By Captain Burr W. Leyson. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A summation, fully documented, of the Government's work to date on space travel.

THE MIND AND THE EYE. By Agnes Arber. Cambridge University Press. $3. An inquiry into scientific methods and thoughts, by an English botanist.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE AND THOUGHT. By Rayford W. Logan. Dial Press. $5. A study of the Negro's position in American life during the years 1877-1901.

THE NEWCOMER. By Clyde Brion Davis. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.75. A novel about the hardships an average young man endures when he goes to a new town, a small one like his own, and finds out what it feels like to be a stranger.

NIGHT WIND. By Brian Talbot Cleve. Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $2. Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. Novelists are having more fun with South Africa these days than anyone. In this one, the story revolves around Ann, who is of mixed blood, and her attempts to become Europeanized. Also involved are burglary, alcoholics, and, in the end, no sanctuary.

THE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP. By W. G. Constable. Oxford University Press. $5. A study, for the layman, of the methods and techniques of painters from the Middle Ages to the present. Mr. Constable is Curator of Paintings at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.

PAPUANS AND PYGMIES. By Alfred A. Vogel. Roy Publishers. $4. An account of a scientific-exploratory expedition undertaken in 1950 at the expense of an Australian millionaire to study the Papuans and Pygmies, two little-known peoples who inhabit the interior of Australian New Guinea.

REALMS OF VALUE. By Ralph Barton Perry. Harvard University Press. $7.50. A generous slice of the thinking that has made Mr. Perry one of the country's leading educators and philosophers.

ROUGHING IT ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX. By Dorothy Adelson. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. A sweater-and-moccasins account by the author of her experiences as an American in Paris trying to make her own way: bad plumbing, a chilly studio, the high price of onions, how to get a telephone, l'amour, and her work as a salesgirl.

A VISUAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Harold U. Faulkner. Abelard-Schuman. $5. Seventy-five thousand words of text, and 100 pictographs, pictorial maps, visual diagrams, and so forth about American history. Illustrated by the Graphics Institute.

TIDAL WAVE. By Georges Simenon. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A bouquet for simenonians, which includes three novels, with settings in Florida, Arizona, and Connecticut, the first the author has ever written with American backgrounds.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE. By Geoffrey Kerr. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. A very Dry Manhattan about a bank clerk who discovers that he has the power of mind reading when he is a few sheets to the wind.

VIRUSES AND MAN. By F. M. Burnet. Penguin Books. Paperbound, 50¢. A study of the virus, the smallest living organism, from Hippocrates to the present.

WE CHOSE TO STAY. By Lali Horstmann. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. An account of the terrible three years Mme. Horstmann spent on her family's country estate a few miles east of Berlin after the Russians arrived in 1945.

THE WEIR. By Jane Gillespie. Coward-McCann. $2.75. A first novel, written under a pseudonym by an English girl, that has already been well received over there. It concerns a governess and a wind-in-the-shutters Victorian household she comes to work in.

WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR. By Harold Kampf. Little, Brown & Co. $2.75. A parable about a man gifted with the power of healing, of how he is brought to the bar on a charge of blasphemy, of how that charge is dismissed, and of how, finally, a Judas appears, and he is deported.

WHY DICTATORS? By George W. F. Hallgarten. The Macmillan Co. $5. A study, built along sociological lines, of what the author believes to be the four different types of dictator: the classical, or pseudo-aristocratic dictator: Caesar; the fascist dictator: Hitler; the counter-revolutionist: Franco; and, finally, the ultra-revolutionary, or Communist dictator: Lenin, Stalin, & Co.

THE WRONG WOMAN. By Glen Haley. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. A first novel about a man who goes west from Kansas to the Colorado mountains in search of himself. The author has had stories in *Harper's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *The New Yorker*.

NOTE: The price of "Art of the South Pacific," by Paul S. Wingert (Beechurst Press) was incorrectly listed in *SR*, Feb. 6. The price of the book is $6. —W. B.

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

dimensional, and on a consistently low dimension.

Certainly men at war, on leave from combat duty, or proceeding to it, separated from their women at home, are sex-hungry, and the handful of women who were overseas at advanced bases naturally were not unaware of this hunger, or of their own desires in response to it, but—*every* second? Now and then, one hour out of the twenty-four, say, a spot of nobility must have wandered in, some other occupation or preoccupation must have reared its unmuddied head.

In the interests of making a better book, we might have been shown more of the magnificent, and less of the bastard and the bitch. Miss Crockett herself seems to have thought so, belatedly. At the end of the book, Colin sheds his ruthless strength for sentimentality, converted to remorse by a few minutes of conversation with the elderly, maternal Rosie, and Lee is shown "remote," and coldly inscrutable, "scarred." But the reader, having panted with them through 290 pages, cannot believe these cliché transformations nor particularly cares to.

Miss Crockett writes well enough to have produced a superb novel, instead of a sensational story, which, however, will probably float high on the best-seller list. Sex being what it is to some.

Dig That Odyssey

***"Why I Am So Beat," by Nolan Miller** (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 214 pp. $3), is the story of a sensitive, lonely, young college student and the mad weekend he cooks up for himself when left to his own devices.*

By James Kelly

NOVELISTS continue to return to what (one must gently suspect) are the scenes of their prime. This lemming urge has given the constant reader many a junket back to adolescence, especially during the past five years, and some cause for rejoicing when conducted by the likes of J. D. Salinger. Now Nolan Miller, author of two previous novels and a teacher of writing at Antioch College, tries his hand at it in "Why I Am So Beat."

The narrator and pivotal figure of "Why I Am So Beat" is an eighteen-year-old Ohio undergraduate named Mark Gillis. Its theme: the (by now) familiar one of conflict between body and mind in a lonely, poetic boy surrounded by grosser people. Its time unit: one crazy, untrammeled weekend when young Gillis is left to his own devices. The general effect: a nervous charade which is too flippant to take seriously and too serious to take flippantly.

Mark Gillis and his friends get off crackling remarks, talk a very cool brand of English, and exhibit vast quantities of worldly lore. But they don't stand a chance with an author Who's in There to Get Laughs. Darting *too* quickly from theme to theme and laying about him with the flat side of his sword, Mr. Miller extracts more embarrassed chuckles than eye-watering hilarity. The fascination of dense jive vocabulary (wavering now and then to purest academese) and the shock of vulgarity are not quite enough. He likes his teen-agers and aims to say something serious about them. The trouble is that he draws from inventive imagination and professorial guesses rather than from life as most people recognize it. To get the general idea, try mixing a pinch

● *Was there ever such a thing as*

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of Max Shulman, a dash of W. H. Auden, a soupçon of John Held, Jr. It's not easy.

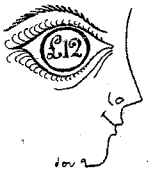
Gillis aims to be a poet. We meet him first as he and a corrupt pal, Marty Feldman, try to peddle one of the poems to Monica Satterfield, nubile wanton who edits the college lit magazine. Following this promising encounter, the two young men pick up Jane, a hungry young streetwalker, and her baby. During the course of the weekend, the oddly assorted four (and baby) spend varying amounts of time in the apartment which Gillis shares with his absentee older sister. A fattish younger brother joins them as casual bystander, as does Mrs. Simsich, the agitated landlady. And quietly lecherous Professor Kempthorne serves as host at a climactic (and wildly funny) party in which Jane asserts herself by heaving a chunk of cement in the general direction of the piano player, who happens to be Mrs. Kempthorne. But all of these people and all of this action are simply background to the poetic words, thoughts, and childhood memories of Gillis. He tastes life on this particular weekend, and—for richer or poorer—the reader tastes it with him.

One wishes that the book could measure up to its spasmodic flashes of insight and sardonic humor. This: "So you wake up sometimes and find out for the first white-hot second that you are you, and for the rest of your life you're going to have to put up with it. It's like waking up, finding you're in the dark, because the parents have slipped in and turned out the lights. How is it, there in the dark, a little man alive? It's a buzz. You never sleep easy again." Or this: "Art is, I realize, not enough. Just as, damn it, sex is not enough. If I don't soon hook onto a way of subliming the two together, I expect I am going to be a burned out son-of-a-bitching cynic, tired of life and with a frozen bloodstream, by the time I am twenty-six. The only opening I'll have left will be turning into a religious. Maybe I'll have to sell out as a latter-day Thomas Merton, though I really hope not."

"Why I Am So Beat" has its faults, but dulness is not among them. Even parents who start this racy memoir will stay dazedly to the end.

Fiction Notes

METAPHYSICS, ELEMENTARY BUT AMUSING: When an extraordinary young lady in a diaphanous chemise, "low necked with bishop sleeves and a skirt pleated on Greek classical lines," lugs a valuable harp into an East End London pawnshop, an ordinary tale



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FISCAL FANCIES

Here are twenty titles each of which makes some reference to money (though the author may not, in every instance, have intended it so). Alongside are the names of twenty authors. Kindly relate the correct authors to the correct titles. If you are successful in fifteen tries, consider yourself solvent; sixteen to eighteen, comfortably off; nineteen or twenty, sitting real pretty. The payoff is on page 41.

1. The Big Money
2. Dollars Only
3. Fifty Grand
4. Finch's Fortune
5. The Financier
6. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford
7. Hard Cash
8. Love Without Money
9. Money Mad
10. One Kopeck
11. Paying Guests
12. The Price of Love
13. 7½ Cents
14. Seven Iron Men
15. Sing for a Penny
16. The Twelve-Pound Look
17. Soldier's Pay
18. Ten Thousand a Year
19. The Treasurer's Report
20. Wampum and Old Gold

( ) Hervey Allen
( ) J. M. Barrie
( ) Samuel Warren
( ) Rex Beach
( ) George Randolph Chester
( ) Edward Bok
( ) Ernest Hemingway
( ) Charles Reade
( ) Arnold Bennett
( ) Paul de Kruif
( ) Walter Duranty
( ) William Faulkner
( ) Theodore Dreiser
( ) Mazo de la Roche
( ) Floyd Dell
( ) John Dos Passos
( ) Clifford Dowdey
( ) Richard P. Bissell
( ) E. F. Benson
( ) Robert Benchley

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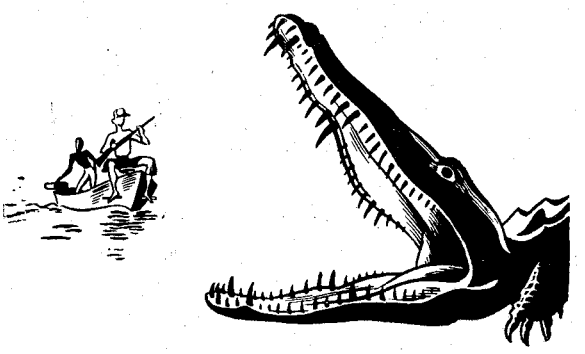
of whimsey is clearly unavoidable. But perhaps **"The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp,"** by Charles Terrot (Dutton, $3), is a bit more enjoyable than most expeditions into that difficult and elusive borderland of the imagination. Its hero is a sympathetic, strangely inarticulate young man named Len Burrows (when elated, he says "Crumbs, it'd be smashing," when depressed, simply "Crumbs!"), who wants to marry Jenny Lane, and change his job in Mr. Webman's pawnshop for Submarine Service in the British Navy. The only obstacle to these wishes is his attachment to his desperately possessive, widowed mother, who has, incidentally, always spoken badly to him of his father, the late Mr. Burrows.

The Angel, speaking the sub-celestial language of a textbook on Psychology for Beginners ("If everybody studied their dreams . . . this world would be a different place," and "If more marriages took into consideration people's faults, there wouldn't be so much divorce") goes into action against Mrs. Burrows. Through her mystic efforts, Len is put in touch with an old soldier who tells him the story of his father's bravery in World War I. The Angel also contrives to have Len overcome a pair of holdup men who are about to "knock over" the pawnshop. The hero-status he achieves thereby is enough to speed him into the embraces of both Jenny Lane and the Royal Navy. Although the metaphysics of all this are downright elementary, the characters (excepting the heavenly visitor) are always amusing, and the dialogue they speak is delightfully apt.

—Nicolas Monjo.

CLASSROOM CRUCIBLE: Nathaniel Burt, forty-year-old son of Katharine and Struthers Burt, shows himself the assured master of a lucid, elegant style in his first novel, **"Scotland's Burning"** (Little, Brown, $3.50). His musical talent (he has received degrees in music from Princeton and NYU) perhaps contributes to his lyricism. Describing a mill pond: "I can remember how Alan and I would come there in June, after a hot walk, having gorged upon wild strawberries. First we would dip our wrists in the classical water and then wet our hot foreheads, our napes with it. And then, and then, delicate reward, we would drink, lowering ourselves to the dark edge, sucking with our whole faces in the element." In an analogous spirit of reverence and intensity, Mr. Burt has lowered himself to the "dark edge" of adolescence, and has drunk in classic memories of life at boarding school. For "Scotland's Burning" takes place almost exclusively on the campus of a shabby-genteel institution in Maryland, during the Twenties. Unfortunately, Dickens, Thackeray, Forster, and Orwell have been to school before him, and have bequeathed their reminiscences with such rancor and exactitude that Mr. Burt's codicil only negligibly alters our portion of classroom experiences. Unfortunately, too, the morality of this "morality set in a boy's school" (the author's phrase) is more than questionable. In order to make certain allegiances quite explicit for his hero, Mr. Burt supplies him, by way of illustration, with the death of a classmate. The hero's comfortable acceptance of the scapegoat (he believes the sacrifice was an oracular warning sounded for his benefit) seems insufferably self-centered when it is remembered that not even the most homicidal tragedians have suggested that the moral redemption of the surviving *dramatis personae* was worth the blood shed by their villains. It has always been difficult to sympathize with heroes who use disasters which befall other characters—sometimes better ones—for the rungs on which they mount toward some sort of mild self-understanding and maturity.

—N. M.



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Americana

Continued from page 17

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And now a word about the editors of this series, Professors Elting E. Morison, John M. Blum, and others of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who have performed such a large service to Americans interested in their own history. The editors have not only given us a thoroughly reliable text, although that is unusual and important; they have gone to extraordinary efforts to make these volumes usable to scholars and laymen.

Liberty and Frontiers

DEMOCRACY IN THE MAKING: In 1893 Frederick Jackson Turner gave a new idea to American historians. Instead of searching in Tacitus's "Germania" for seeds of democracy that were carried to America in the *Mayflower*, historians should follow the course of the pioneers into the Western forests. To the frontier, he said, we owe our democracy, our nationalism, and our peculiar intellectual traits. For forty years his disciples dominated American historiography, but since the 1930's many cogent criticisms of the Turner "thesis" have raised doubts as to its validity. John D. Barnhart, who in **"Valley of Democracy"** (Indiana University Press, $5) presents a careful study of the conflict between farmers and planters in the Ohio Valley, 1775-1818, concludes that Turner's interpretation of Western state-making is still essentially the sound interpretation.

Beginning with the effort in the Revolutionary period of Western yeomen to end Eastern aristocratic control over society in Pennsylvania and the South Atlantic states, Professor Barnhart then crosses the mountains and relates the continuance of the struggle. He finds that the constitutions of Kentucky and Tennessee indicate a compromise between Western and Southern ideas, but at least a definite advance towards democracy. North of the Ohio, where a fairer land system, national control in the territorial period, and prohibition of slavery weakened the influence of aristocracy, frontier democracy found freer expression and won its ends. Even so, the frontier farmers' victory in Ohio was somewhat limited. In Indiana squatter democracy came into its own, and that state's "blazed trail" was followed with ease in Illinois.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

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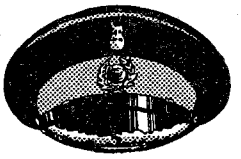
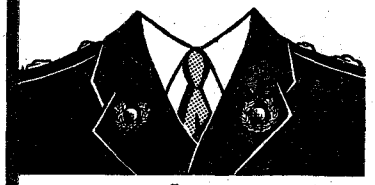


The Man WHO Never Was



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results of science have been primarily materialistic. We have measured success by our products rather than by ourselves. A materialism which overemphasizes short-term survival detracts from the humanism essential to long-term survival. We must remember that it was not the outer grandeur of the Roman, but the inner simplicity of the Christian that lived on through the ages.

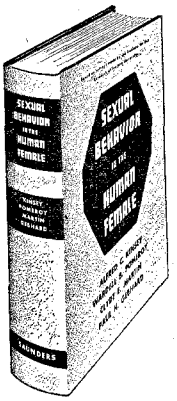
I HAVE stated a problem. You have the right to ask for a solution. I believe the solution lies in each individual, through the standards he holds; that it lies not in political parties or radical movements, but in human values and gradual trends; not in a greater complication, but in a greater simplicity of life. In other words, I believe that the solution lies within ourselves, and that we can find it nowhere else. Our parties, movements, laws, and codes are important, but they are only outward manifestations of our inward values.

Unexpanded by the time dimension, flattened on a momentary mental screen, the chaos of our modern world is staggering. We watch assemblies and conferences bog down until we realize that man has not the wisdom to solve his problems by any sweeping detailed plan. But when we add the scope of time, and release in it the catalyst of faith, the future clarifies, and we see that, within the bounds of natural law, man's destiny is shaped by man's desire. We desired a mechanistic civilization; that set the trend, and we achieved one. To achieve a civilization based on human values requires the desire within ourselves. If we actually have that desire, our scientific, industrial, and military forces will fall, automatically, into line behind it, supporting with material strength the human qualities essential to overall power and permanent survival.

But we must have more than an intellectual desire, filed away in the archives of idea. It must enter the roots of our being until it shapes our action instinctively as well as through the conscious mind, until we see the producer as more important than his product, and find it no sacrifice to renounce material standards of success—until we realize in our bones as well as in our brains that the character of man still forms the essential core of a lasting civilization.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

The second column should read, from top to bottom: 20, 16, 18, 9, 6, 2, 3, 7, 12, 14, 10, 17, 5, 4, 8, 1, 15, 13, 11, 19.



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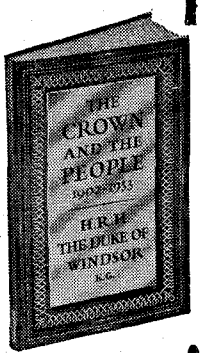
the CROWN and the PEOPLE

by H. R. H. The Duke of Windsor



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Why They Go Wrong

Continued from page 13

as arguments for the idea that good and bad qualities are inherited. But some believe that the statistics on these two families can also serve as arguments for the influence of the group on the individual. A large family, even in our present-day civilization, functions as a primitive tribe or clan, observing its own taboos and customs. Today family groups which consistently produce doctors or lawyers or teachers might well describe meeting the standards of such professions as following "family tradition." Thus, the environment factor is brought into play in an area which might seem, at first glance, to be dominated by heredity.

The people I have observed who have destructive or criminal instincts do not have the pangs of conscience over their antisocial behavior one would like to think. In this connection, perhaps a great deal could be learned if psychological studies were done on Chicago's Capone mob or Brooklyn's Amboy Dukes or Harlem's High Hats or the Spanish Campians in New York's Puerto Rican district. Hal Ellson, who has written many novels based on New York's teen-age gangs, thinks that these present-day groups follow, in many ways, the patterns of the primitive tribal groups described in Margaret Mead's anthropological studies. Regardless of present-day laws, regardless of today's standards of socially acceptable behavior, thousands of groups flourish in the United States who live by their own rules. Just as an Indian neophyte brave is initiated into the brotherhood of braves by having to go out and kill his first buffalo, so a teen-age gang requires a new member to "prove his guts." He must go out and "roll" somebody or hold up a man at the point of a knife. Another initiation ceremony requires the new member to play Russian roulette with a revolver containing a single bullet in one of its chambers. Girl and boy members of a gang carve initials on each other's arms. New boys are sometimes required to strip and the members wet their leather belts and lash them. In some gangs a single newcomer is required to fight five members as part of his initiation.

Obviously, if we can find a method of setting up gangs with constructive purposes, we can help solve our juvenile-delinquency problem. One such group comes immediately to mind of which it might be said that it is set up along the lines of a primitive tribe, but which appears to turn its members into assets to our society even more efficiently than some outlaw groups turn their members into dangerous menaces. For more than a hundred years the Society of Skull and Bones at Yale College has picked, each year, fifteen members of the senior class who, the membership as a whole decides, give evidence of being most likely to succeed in the world. The home of Skull and Bones is a windowless, tomblike structure just off the Yale campus in New Haven. Its financial headquarters—and it is reported to be a very rich organization—is located at Hartford, Connecticut, and is known as the Russell Trust. When a new member is initiated, he appears at a certain spot at the tomb where a bemuscled, hairy, and bloody arm reaches out and yanks him inside. He is symbolically put to death with a knife, placed in a coffin, and then, with much ritual and ceremony, swears to three absolutes: absolute secrecy about the society, absolute loyalty to its members, and absolute duty in carrying out its customs and traditions. One of his duties is supporting the society financially even to the point of making provision for it in his will. Members of Skull and Bones can be counted on to maintain a high degree of honor and integrity. No brother is ever allowed to be poor. Members help each other to get jobs or obtain financing for business ventures. There have been members who, for one reason or another, preferred to drop out of the organization. Such a man is not permitted to resign quietly but is henceforth known as a "red dog" and thoroughly ostracized by his former brothers.

HOWEVER one views groups like Skull and Bones, college fraternities, the Rotarians, the Elks, the Masons, the Kiwanis, the Shriners, it is apparent that they not only answer, at least partially, the deep-felt need of man to belong to a group, but they are, by and large, constructive forces in our society. With all the emphasis today on the study of needs of the individual man, parallel studies on the fostering and direction of small groups would also seem appropriate. Discussing teen-age gangs, Dr. Frederic Wertham, an eminent psychiatrist and author, said: "Why do they have a secret clubroom where they (teen-

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agers) go through rituals of initiation, courts, sex orgies, and all kinds of brutalities? By banding together in such a group, they find a kind of emotional self-fulfilment. They don't mind authority, but they can't find one they respect. They want to identify themselves with a group that will respect them and give them protection. Theirs is a misguided attempt at a healthy reaction to the essentially unhealthy situation society puts them in."

A good deal is being done today to help wayward boys. The Police Athletic League in New York City, for instance, attempts to educate them to identify themselves with policemen or the FBI, with the forces of law and order instead of regarding such uniformed symbols as sworn enemies. Elsewhere "big brother" organizations seek out the friendless and rejected boys and try to provide each one with a sound and mature friend who must see him twice a week, take him on special excursions, go into his home, and provide him with at least a measure of affection and guidance. But the big job remains still to be done.

This is a century which talks a good deal about preventive medicine. It is an expression which should be used in its psychological as well as medical sense. In too many instances a "good stiff prison sentence" assures rather than prevents a life of crime. The first preventive step should have been taken years before—at school, in the office of a psychologist, but especially in the home—where love and understanding might have precluded the crime, the tragic court scene, the prison sentence.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 558

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 558 will be found in the next issue.

UT TUG YFU ZQBHX WBR

RGYQJBKO QSTU KWG

UTZHGUGRR TC FUTKWGJ

SGJRTU. —MBHHF YFKWGJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 557
His conduct still right with his argument wrong. —Goldsmith.

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(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1040

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By Doris Nash Wortman

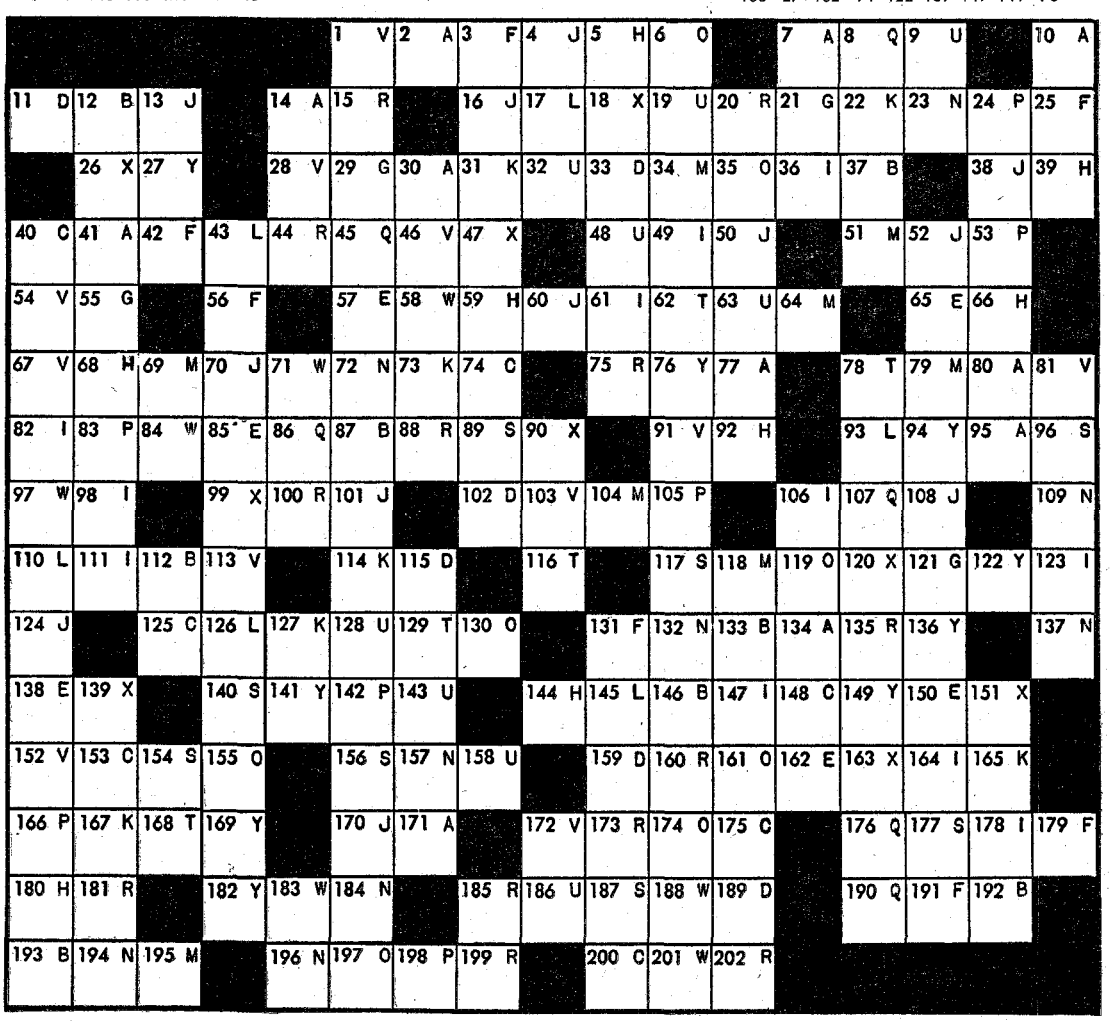
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Defeated commander of British forces, Ticonderoga, 1758.	2 10 77 95 7 30 134 80 14 41
	171
B. Commensalism with mutual benefit.	12 192 146 112 193 87 37 133
C. Sweet clover.	125 74 148 153 40 200 175
D. Contemporary American expert in petroleum chemistry (rubber from butane gas).	11 189 102 33 115 159
E. Queen of ancient Egypt, mother of Amenhotep II.	138 150 65 85 57 162
F. Roman Catholic office which investigates candidates for papal benefices.	25 191 42 56 3 179 131
G. Presumably, first girl to use the Wagner Wedding March.	29 21 55 121
H. Russian physician (use of animal glands in human beings; d. Paris, 1951).	68 66 59 5 180 39 144 92
I. Futile, unavailing.	147 61 164 98 82 111 178 106 49 36
	123
J. Common insect parasite (*Leptinotarsa decemlineata*; 2 wds).	38 4 16 60 50 52 170 101 108 13
	70 124
K. Northern republic overrun by U.S.S.R., 1940.	31 165 73 114 127 167 22
L. Describing ostriches, emus, moas, cassowaries, etc.	17 145 110 126 93 43

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Hindu philosopher, circ. 800 A.D.	195 51 69 34 104 118 64 79
N. Where troubles are said to come out (3 wds.).	194 132 23 157 184 137 72 109 196
O. Alarm.	197 174 6 119 35 161 155 130
P. What Ecclesiasticus compares a new friend to (Apocrypha; 2 wds.).	198 105 53 166 83 142 24
Q. Said of a flag stopped in the middle like a pennant.	8 190 107 45 176 86
R. Preceded by Word U, a famous city address (2 wds.).	199 88 185 135 160 44 181 20 75 100
	15 173 202
S. Bacon's word for casting ballots.	117 187 156 177 154 140 96 89
T. Potential energy.	129 78 62 116 168
U. See Word R (2 wds.).	9 128 32 48 63 186 143 158 19
V. Double "Kingdom" in southern Italy, etc., 12th-13th cents. (2 wds.).	1 152 91 113 81 28 54 172 103 67
	46
W. Outlandish, awkward.	201 188 84 97 71 58 183
X. Fine Polish soprano, now sixtyish, Chicago Opera Assoc. (full name).	151 139 90 99 163 26 120 47 18
Y. To set on a firm basis.	136 27 182 94 122 169 149 141 76

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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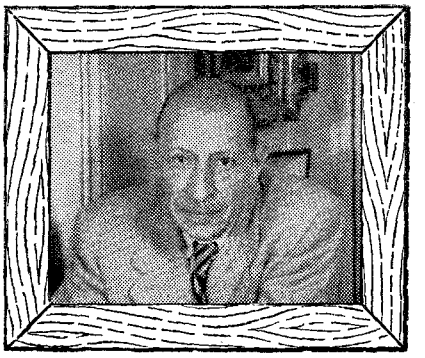
Stravinsky...



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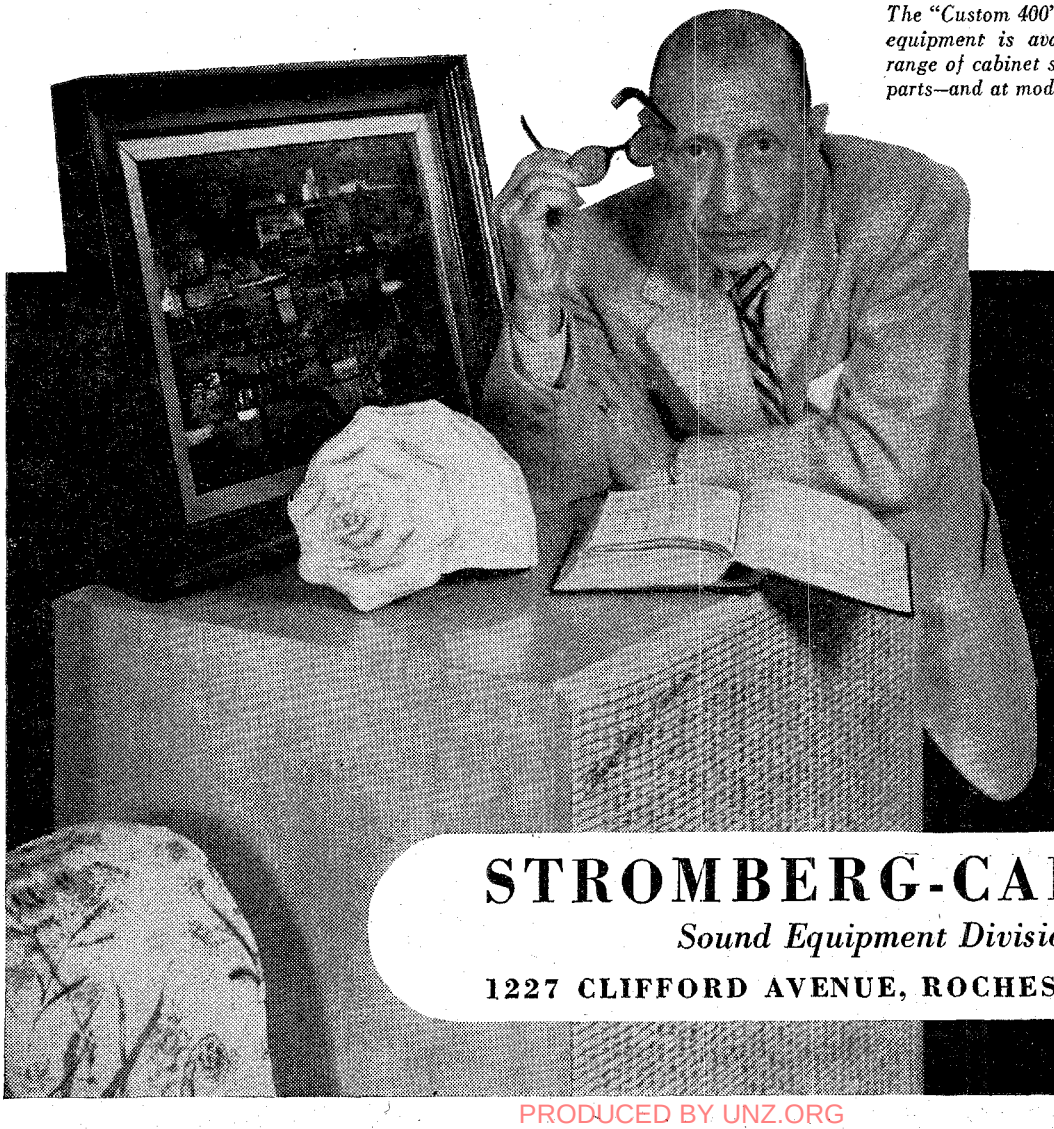

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—*Culver.*

Mary Garden as Salome.

The Mary Garden of Record

By RICHARD D. FLETCHER

MARY GARDEN is back in our midst this winter, and from all accounts she still packs a terrific wallop. She appears to command the press she always did and she displays anew the exuberance which kept us who grew up in the Mary Garden era excited for so many years.

Unfortunately, she begins to be remembered and valued more as a personality than for what she really was —the most electrifying singing-actress ever to perform on the American opera stage and a musician of whom Carl Van Vechten wrote in 1920: "She is the greatest of living lyric artists." It may be useful, both for those who remember her spectacular triumphs and those who know her only by reputation, to attempt an analysis of Garden's real musical stature and to evaluate the recordings by which posterity must judge her.

In assessing Miss Garden's singing and its critical reception in this country, we must not forget that she was perhaps the first important soprano to appear here whose training was based on French methods exclusively. (Other Paris-trained sopranos had studied under Italian maestros.) Now, the French method, especially in sopranos, tends to produce tones which are "white" and which may seem pinched as compared to the opulence and brilliance of Italian-trained singers or the blasting tones of the German-trained. During the early days of Garden's American career critics missed "meat" in her timbre—just as they found no substance in "Pelléas"—though they were generally agreed that she was capable on occasion of rich and gorgeous tone coloring. As Garden said at the time, these people were not final judges; they were merely in search of Italian sopranos and the Italian repertoire.

Of her real vocal capacities there can be no doubt—especially when viewed from the historical perspective of 1954. Most sopranos find the "Romeo" Waltz Song a trying number, claiming it lies uncomfortably for the voice. Yet Garden, whenever asked "to sing something," usually chose this air "because it is easy." Eugene Stinson, critic for the *Chicago Daily News* during most of Garden's career in that city, has asserted that, within the limitations of the French method and the French repertoire, Garden achieved for the French stage that exaltation of speech which Wagner sought in the

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Ippolitov-Ivanov: Caucasian Sketches. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of N. Y., Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor. ML 4815

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Brahms: Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Op. 73. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. ML 4827

Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra. Rudolf Serkin, Piano, The Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor. ML 4829

Hindemith: Das Marienleben. Jennie Tourel, Mezzo-Soprano, with Erich Itor Kahn, Piano. SL-196 (2-12")

Stravinsky: Pulcinella. Igor Stravinsky conducting The Cleveland Orchestra. Mary Simmons, Soprano, Glenn Schnittke, Tenor, Phillip MacGregor, Bass. ML 4830

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Mozart: Bastien Und Bastienne, K. 50. John Pritchard conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra with Ilse Hollweg, Soprano, Waldemar Kmentt, Tenor, and Walter Berry, Bass. ML 4835

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German theatre. Stinson also declared that Garden "remained of the French school but exceeded it." He added that Garden had "all of Bernhardt's eruptive skill" and that in her interpretations she imposed nothing new on the composer's original intentions, feeling that—as in the case of a Beethoven symphony—to add something was to take something away.

But the sharpest evaluation of her singing which I have come across is a pronouncement recently made by Garden herself. She proclaimed she had had not one but twenty voices. This I believe to be literally true. It took that many to encompass the tremendous range of roles for which she will long be remembered. The greatest extremes are perhaps the demure Mélisande she created for Debussy in 1902 and the blazing Salomé which she was the first to sing for Hammerstein, to popularize in Chicago, and to "put on the road" throughout the Midwest and the Far West for the Chicago company. But between these poles were other regions, arctic, antarctic, temperate, and tropical. Her art espoused and made her own such Strangers-Under-the-Skin as Carmen and Katiusha (Alfano's "Resurrection"); Sapho and Marguerite; Cleopatra and Our Lady's Juggler; Fiora and Prince Charming; Tosca and Judith; Monna Vanna and Violetta; Chrysis in "Aphrodite" and Werther's Charlotte; Thaïs and Don Quichotte's Belle Dulcinée; Camille and Natoma.

And so it took twenty voices and as many temperaments to encompass this incredible repertoire. For each new creation Garden managed to undergo complete psychological transformation, bending her voice, like the actress's other instrument, her body, to the requirements of the new creature. To do Salomé and Mélisande or the Juggler within forty-eight hours would require a mental somersault simply to accommodate the histrionic change. But to complete the new character, through a vocal psychoanalysis if you will, the voice too had to be erased and a new one put in place so that the eye and ear could synchronize in receiving the new impressions. It was even more remarkable to watch and hear her accomplish this gamut of transformations in a single evening. In "Resurrection" her first-act Katiusha was fresh, radiant, youthfully voiced—sixteen years old, with a walk and a grace to prove it. The second-act Katiusha was blind with desperate passion; she had a voice which cried out in pain, proclaiming the end of hope. The third-act prison scene found Garden looking like a dissipated hag, croaking in a voice which was choked, coarse, and worn. But the miracle was completed in Act IV: Katiusha, resignedly on her way to Siberia, again produced only serene, floating, and ravishing tones!

The Garden recordings represent a rich storehouse of vocalism displaying many, but not all, of these twenty voices. Garden recorded at very irregular intervals: a few Pathé cylinders of Scotch songs in 1903; four discs in 1904 with Debussy at the piano; a few Paris-recorded Edison cylinders in 1905; a series of acoustic recordings for Columbia between 1911 and 1914, and a number of electrical Victors in the 1920's. Garden claims to like none of her recorded work. Referring to the days of acoustic recording, she points out that no artist could be relaxed or sing with necessary concentration while a recording machine sprayed wax shavings at her. But there is good reason to believe that Garden evaluates her recorded legacy too modestly.

A CONSIDERATION of the Mary Garden discography should begin where her first available recordings do—in Paris, 1904. In that year she recorded for the Gramophone Co. three of Debussy's "Ariettes Oubliées" together with a fragment from "Pelléas," all with the composer accompanying, and these four discs have recently been issued on an LP dubbing (Audio Archives LA 1203). It is said that Debussy greatly admired a "dry" singing tone. Perhaps in deference to Debussy's taste, perhaps because she herself considered such tone appropriate for the songs, or perhaps merely by nature of the recording apparatus of the day, Garden managed generally to achieve an extreme *secheresse* in certain portions of these recordings. At any rate, the delivery here tends more toward dryness than in any of her later recordings. It is possible that this characteristic of her early discs derived from tenseness which disappeared as her voice mellowed, and as her approach to singing and to the recording process relaxed.

In all these recordings the voice is clear and perfectly pitched, though Debussy's piano sags throughout. The fragment from "Pelléas" does not quite come off; the listener is robbed of the stunning stage picture, and Debussy's poorly reproduced piano cannot simulate the richness of orchestration in that part of the score. In the songs Debussy tended to race some of the tempi, especially in "Green," causing the singer to sound hurried and breathless. Garden in later years used this number as a standard recital item, taking it much more slowly to convey an impression of woodsy languor. Greatest of all Garden's Debussy recordings is the later "Beau Soir" for Victor. Here the tones are rich, the wonderful breath support is fully exploited in the slow, legato passages, and the work displays to the full her excellent French enunciation.

The next phase of Garden's recording activity brought forth several operatic excerpts and a number of Scotch songs which became fairly standard items in her concert appearances. These acoustic recordings appeared under the Columbia label just prior to World War I. Of greatest historical interest in the operatic group is the first of her two recordings of "Depuis le jour" from "Louise." This number also was standard in her concert programs because of the genuine affection she felt for the work in which she had made her spectacular debut. Like the early Debussy discs, the Columbia "Depuis le jour" does not yet show the rich coloring which her later recordings reveal. It is in the original key (D) and is taken somewhat more slowly than her Victor recording of 1926. The tone is reserved but well-supported. (Her more dramatic recordings are char-

—*Culver.*

In "Thais"—"a vocal psychoanalysis."

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acterized by abrupt attacks and releases which critics have sometimes mistaken for poor breath control.) The later Victor version of the aria (available on RCA Victor LCT 1), though taken down a full tone, to C, and sung at a slightly brisker pace, is more rewarding in timbre. The rounder, fuller vocal quality and the more skilled portamento give this recording greater musical interest. The Victor version, too, shows top tones which achieve a floating quality adding much to the general effect.

The Columbia "Depuis le jour" was coupled with an excerpt from "Thaïs," "L'amour est une vertu rare," and a reissue of the coupling is due soon in Addison Foster's Mauve and Gold series. The "Thaïs" aria shows Garden in complete repose. Those who have heard her in this scene remember her costume of airy purple veils and will recall the slow movement and economy of gesture characteristic of her most powerful portrayals. For sheer excitement this excerpt could not compare to her delivery of the "Mirror Song" in the previous scene. Unfortunately, that moment was never recorded. The "Mirror Song," of course, had the great advantage of presenting the artist in a fevered pitch, the excitement of the first act still lurking in the air. The stage picture, Garden moving swiftly from censer to mirror in a sweeping Grecian robe, is one not to be forgotten. No matter how Garden might sing during the rest of the evening, she never failed to achieve perfect placement and rich tone in the high B flat of this scene.

ONE of Garden's greatest roles was Jean in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." Originally written for tenor, and so created, it was especially rewritten for Garden by the composer. Edward Moore considered this work Massenet's finest; he felt also it was Miss Garden's noblest creation. Garden, slim and lithe, conveyed the vivid piety and hunger of the poor juggler. She achieved many fine effects, dramatic and vocal, in this role. One excerpt ("Liberté") is found among the early Columbias. This moment in the opera finds Jean expressing his belief in the virtues of the outdoor life and the general goodness of existence even if the pit of his stomach is plagued by excruciating hunger. Garden sings the scene with a light tone and delivery. Of lesser interest is the air "Il est doux, il est bon" from "Hérodiade," a record which nonetheless demonstrates what this artist was able to do with what Van Vechten called Massenet's great capacity to overlay falsely constructed drama with a banal coverlet of music.

Save for the natural historic and nostalgic interest which attaches to her air from "Louise," far and away the most rewarding and astonishing of the Columbia operatic excerpts are the two Act I soprano airs from "Traviata." Here Garden displays a coloratura which may stand proudly alongside Galli-Curci's. Though the tone does not carry the Italianate throb of the latter singer, the display work is delivered with an ease Galli-Curci never surpassed and much of the passage work is dashed off with greater smoothness. The arias are sung in French ("Quel est donc ce trouble charmant?" and "Pour jamais ta destinée"). Today this recording cries for reissue; "mint" copies of the original Columbia pressings have been listed in collector's catalogues for as much as thirty-five dollars.

Aside from the "Depuis le jour," two other operatic airs were made for Victor in the late Twenties: the Prayer, "Dieu de Grâce," from Alfano's "Resurrection" and the Card Scene, "En vain pour éviter," from "Carmen." The first of these, which has been reissued in Addison Foster's Mauve and Gold series, displays admirably Garden's capacity for conveying a dramatic picture through tone coloring and delivery. Katiusha at this point is ready, if need be, for suicide but still nurtures a shred of hope that Dimitri will yet come. Despair and choking sorrow are fully delivered in Garden's performance. The recording is important, too, as an example of the very moving music in this undervalued opera.

The "Carmen" excerpt (available on HMV VA18) conveys some notion of the unusual approach Garden took to this role. There was nothing *gamine* in Garden's interpretation. Her Carmen was never a hussy. She was cool, detached, dignified, calculating, and, in respect to her attachments, somewhat intellectual. One felt in Garden's portrayal that her ultimate weariness with José was less a cessation of sensuality than the boredom she felt with a man who no longer excited her mind and spirit. The attraction toward Escamillo was less a response to greater physical vigor than the yielding to a more dashing, more stimulating personality. Garden's treatment of the Card Scene broke with the tradition that has Carmen on the ground grumbling and wallowing about. Not Garden. She always considered this scene the peak of the tragedy and found it wise, whether consciously or not, to observe the rules of the Greek theatre: to sit for comedy but to stand for tragedy. Garden remained standing throughout this scene, holding the cards in her hand, dropping them one at a time. She sings the scene with more detachment than most, for Garden believed that Carmen was not really surprised at the message borne by the cards. This fate was inevitable and Carmen would not complain or appear to be moved. More evidence of Garden's unique treatment is found in a review of one of her early Carmens in this country: "In the final scene, she eschews the details of physical agony when José hunts and strikes her down. She will not even be hunted. She stands as though she would overcome him by sheer force of that invincible will, and so receives her death blow." The critic observed that Garden appeared abstracted throughout.

Garden had an almost atavistic attachment to the songs of her native country. She used them often for recital purposes and endowed them with everything her art could bestow. To be sure, they are very nice things. Some of them she recorded. "Jock o' Hazeldean" appears twice, once for Columbia (acoustic) and once for Victor (electric). The Columbia contains two verses only, has all the limitations of acoustic recording methods and employs a small orchestra which provides a wavering background. The later Victor contains three verses, telling more of the dramatic tale, and employs the large organ of Wanamaker Hall in New York which comes through with tones remotely resembling the bag-pipe effect Garden wanted. On the Victor the singing tone is good and well-supported.

In this recording we find examples of Garden's frequent and intentional tendency to break rhythm with the accompaniment. Her approach to music was horizontal in relation to the orchestral line. The notes were not sung vertically in time with the accompanying score. Each phrase was interpreted with full attention to its dramatic intent and drive, leading it where it must go, not as a mathematically determined exercise in time values. She insisted that if the conductor did his interpretation in the same fashion they would both find themselves together at the *end* of the phrase. She once soundly berated a young French conductor at the end of a performance of "Thaïs." He wept and whispered, "But Miss Garden, I followed you always!" "That's the trouble," Garden replied, "do like Polacco—*don't* follow me!"

Her other song recordings come

(*Continued on page* 70)

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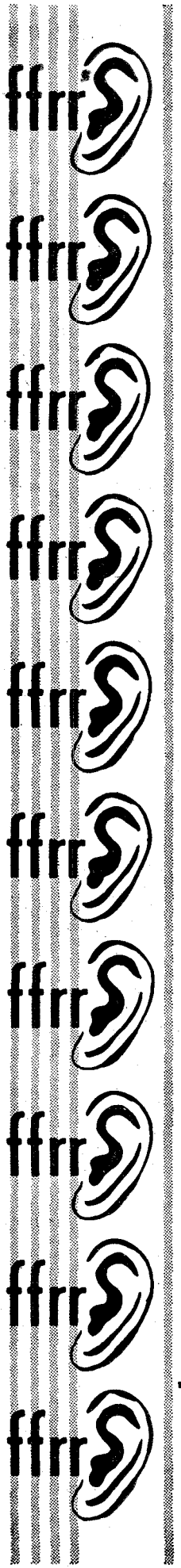

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What Are the Cats in the Backroom Doing?

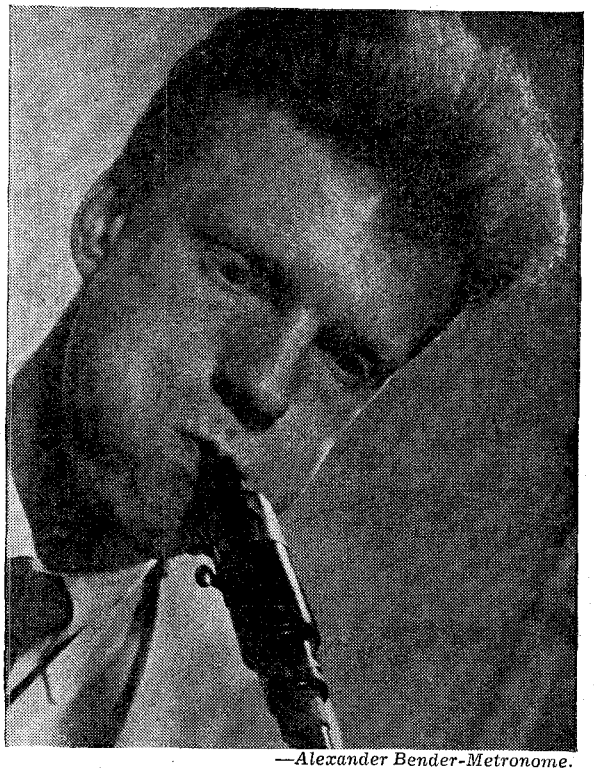
By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE literary prophets have suddenly begun crying out, much as if they had found a dead cow in their pasture, that the *avant-garde* movement in American culture is defunct, New Directions and "New World Writing" notwithstanding. In the closing months of 1953, however, it became apparent that in at least one American art world—that of jazz—there is an *avant-garde* that is just getting up a full head of steam.

Its characteristics are the youth of its members, most of whom are in their twenties and early thirties; the extensiveness of their musical training and experience, which often includes advanced study at schools like Juilliard, private instruction from composer-teachers like Milhaud, or experience with both symphony orchestras and modern big bands; and their rich yet always controlled musical imaginations. From such varied apprenticeships has come what amounts to the badge of the movement: the ability of many of its adherents to compose and arrange their music, as well as play it, with finished craftmanship.

The music itself is notable for its unbending sophistication, good manners, quiet humor, subtlety, and intricate, carefully wrought designs. This does not mean that the *avant-gardistes* are padding around like a bunch of Cheshire Cats. It does mean, though, that they are abiding by a definition once made by Hughes Panassié, who said that hot jazz should never be wild, fast, and loud, but instead should be intense, thoughtful, and deeply felt.

One reason, certainly, for the growth of the movement is the appreciable influence composers like Bartók, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and Hindemith, who have been pushing techniques around like peas on a plate for a good many years, have had on the musical thinking of its members. Another is the leavening quality be-bop has had on jazz in general. As a result, the musical conceptions of the *avant-gardistes* have simply outgrown the standard jazz sounds, structures, materials, and instrumentations. In musical form, for instance, they are plunging ahead with sonata form, the rondo, the fugue, and most important, forms that are completely their own. In harmony, they are using the twelve-tone scale (this is still quite rare, however), bitonality, incessant key changes, and unusual and compellingly fresh chord progressions. In rhythm, they are returning, in most cases, to the solid four-four beat, which be-bop, with the inordinately complicated rhythms of its melodic soloists and the slippery foundations of its rhythm men, was steadily sliding away from. In instrumentation, they are continuing the rebellion started by the be-boppers and others in the mid-Forties. One now finds them employing such combinations as baritone sax, trumpet, bass, and drums; mellophone, vibraphone, piano, guitar, bass, and drums; two trumpets, two baritone saxes, alto sax, tenor sax, French horn, trombone, tuba, bass, and drums—a tendency that is distinctly toward the more flexible small band, and away from the cumbersome large band.



—*Alexander Bender-Metronome.*

Gerry Mulligan—"bumptious counterpoint."

Examining the six or so different schools within the *avant-garde* in geographical order and through a few of their records, one finds the largest and most active concentration on the West Coast around San Francisco and Los Angeles. At the rear of the movement, as it were, and to the north, is the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, which has already received wide recognition. Mulligan, who is a composer-arranger-baritone saxist, uses a trumpeter named Chet Baker, plus bass and drums. The effect they get with the widely different timbres of trumpet and baritone is at once light and rich, extremely mobile, and close knit, for the two melody instruments are rarely heard alone. If one is soloing, the other plays a weaving counter-melody in the background; if they are in ensemble, bumptious counterpoint and startling voicings are employed. The quartet is at its most attractive on its newest LP (Pacific Jazz 5). A similar outfit is led by Dave Brubeck, who plays piano, and uses an alto sax, bass, and drums. Brubeck's group is distinguished chiefly for the tremendously complicated but orderly improvisational results which it achieves using standard form and material, especially while playing before an audience. An extraordinary example of this is to be found on an LP (Fantasy 3), which was recorded at a concert given last year at Oberlin College.

Moving south to Los Angeles, there is a larger number of musicians nominally led by arranger-composer-trumpeter Shorty Rogers, drummer Shelly Manne, and arranger-composer-tenor saxist Jimmy Guiffre. This group, which generally runs to eight or ten men, and records with varying combinations of men and instruments—trumpet, alto sax, tenor sax, baritone sax, trombone, tuba, or French horn, plus three rhythm—favors tight arrangements with a lot of unison and canonic voicings, dynamics, a satiny sound, the adept use of South American rhythms, and a robust beat. Two LP's, out of the half dozen or so they have made, show them off at their elegant best. The first is led by Manne (Contemporary 2503) and the second by Rogers (Victor LPM 3137).

The fourth and most advanced school on the West Coast, or anywhere, for that matter, is represented by arranger-composer-pianist Hall Overton and arranger-composer-vibraphonist Teddy Charles. On

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Major Armstrong: An American Tragedy

By R. D. DARRELL

HERO-WORSHIP is never entirely out of fashion, but nowadays it is generally held in poor repute. We recognize clearly enough that there are a certain few great men among us who are destined for historical immortality, yet while we are still faced with the living evidence of their all-too-human fallibilities we are likely to be more aware of their feet of clay than of the full significance of their unique achievements. Often we tend to credit even these less to individual genius than to some lucky accident that contemporary progress has made almost inevitable. We complacently quote Nietzsche's "Here is a hero who did nothing but shake the tree when the fruit was ripe"—and quite forget the following, "Do you think that was a small thing to do? Well, just look at the tree he shook!"

In my own life I have had the privilege of meeting a considerable number of outstanding figures, but only twice have I had the immediate, overpowering conviction that I was facing someone who possessed the unmistakable attributes of supreme genius—and someone who was finding the weight of that genius an intolerable human burden.

My intuitive reaction may have been irrational, but it was so instantaneous, unexpected, and overwhelming that I have never been able to forget or minimize it. Indeed, everything I learned later of the two men's work and personalities confirmed and strengthened my first impressions. For one of these men was Béla Bartók, whose greatness is only now finding an acknowledgment that came too late to avert or soften the tragic struggle of his last years. And the other was Major Edwin H. Armstrong, who, at the seeming peak of his career, plunged to his death on February 1, 1954.

Those who did not know Armstrong in recent years may wonder about the "look" of greatness and suffering his friends could see so clearly. Most of the obituary photographs, obviously taken long ago, give no hint of the lines and weariness that were to mark him later. Yet many of the visitors to last fall's Audio Fair must have remarked on the appearance, both strikingly impressive and unquestionably tragic, of the tall, bowed figure with the massive head and gentle, almost shy, voice and manner, who wandered among the crowd, only occasionally pointed out with awe as the fabulous Father of FM.

I have, of course, no notion of Armstrong's personal problems, or whether they even were known to his close friends, but they surely must have been baffling even to his brilliant mind. Certainly, no ordinary crises or despair ever mark a face so deeply or drive a non-literary man to the agonizing poignance of Armstrong's farewell message to his wife. Yet if the private tragedy is properly no concern of those who knew him only slightly or by reputation, the larger, common tragedy of the heroic individualist in present-day society is something of concern to all of us.

It is difficult for even the best-informed listeners to realize the extent and import of their indebtedness to Armstrong. Most of them know that he, almost single-handed, gave us FM, but comparatively few now enjoy the full benefits of FM as it is available today, and fewer still are aware of the incalculably greater potential benefits that Armstrong foresaw and labored to bring into reality, but which the broadcasting industry, wilfully or not, still denies us. (Read Charles Siepmann's "Radio's Second Chance," Little Brown, 1946, if you don't already suspect the untapped possibilities of FM.) And how many realize how completely the phenomenal growth of AM radio depended on Armstrong's "superheterodyne" circuit? Or how much the early development of radar and other informational electronic techniques depended—and still depend—on Armstrong's "regeneration" and "super-regeneration" discoveries? And who can surmise the eventual meaning of Armstrong's last invention, an FM "duplexing" device, which holds extraordinary promise for future developments in true high-fidelity "binaural" and facsimile broadcasting?

—*United Press Photo.*

Major Armstrong—"no hint of weariness."

Armstrong was showered with technical honors. And he made a small fortune in royalties, which together with a professorship at Columbia enabled him to run his own research laboratory and the pioneer FM station KE2XCC (formerly W2MN) at Alpine, New Jersey. Yet his earnings, considerable as they were, were ridiculously incommensurate with the importance and widespread use of his ideas.

PERHAPS this is the inevitable fate of the belated individualist in a world of technology now dominated by large corporations and by the cooperative, quasi-anonymous research "teams" they back—and control. Certainly, it has been that of the only remaining great pioneer in this field, Lee De Forest, and of many others, now dead, who could not or would not turn their great gifts from invention itself to manufacturing, management, and sales promotion.

We all know (in theory) that the role of the superior individual has grown ever more complex in an increasingly regimented and "leveled" society. Yet the heroes of any age are so few and precious that it would seem that we should have learned how to anticipate, during their own lives, at least a portion of the esteem granted so lavishly after their deaths.

As it is, the premature death of a man like Armstrong has for many of us the poignance of an irreparable personal loss, and should have for many more the impact of a general contemporary tragedy. Another of my few true heroes who still live, H. M. Tomlinson, best expressed my present feelings, when he wrote after the death of Conrad, "Once we were so assured of the opulence and spiritual vitality of mankind that the loss of a notable figure did not seem to leave us any the poorer. But today, when it happens, we feel a distinct diminution of light."

The question becomes ever more pressing: Can we afford the loss of such too-seldom replenished light in a world of gathering darkness?

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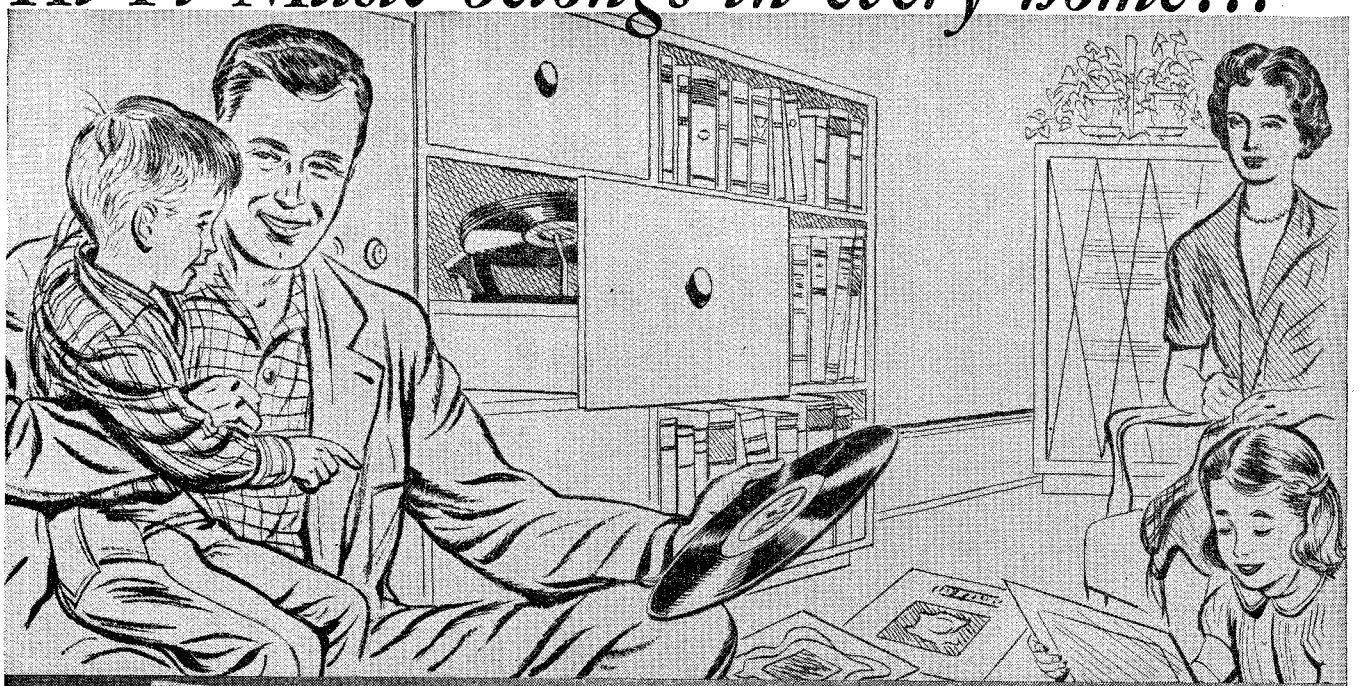

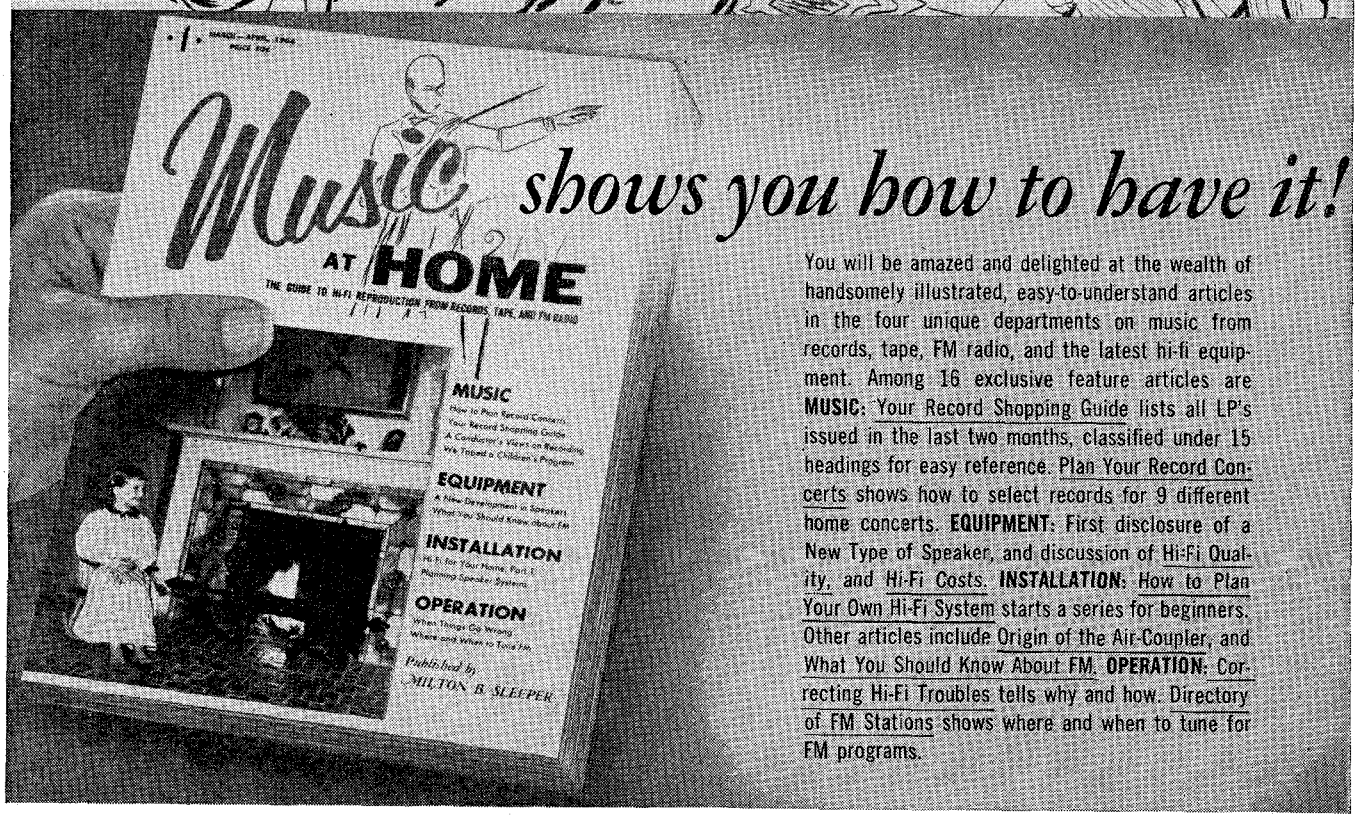

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Bach's Orchestral Suites

By PAUL HENRY LANG

BACH: *Four Suites for Orchestra. Felix Prohaska and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* (Vanguard BG-530-31, $11.90.) *The same. The Hewitt Orchestra.* (Haydn Society HSL-91, $11.90.) *The same. Fritz Reiner and the RCA Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM-6012, $11.44.)

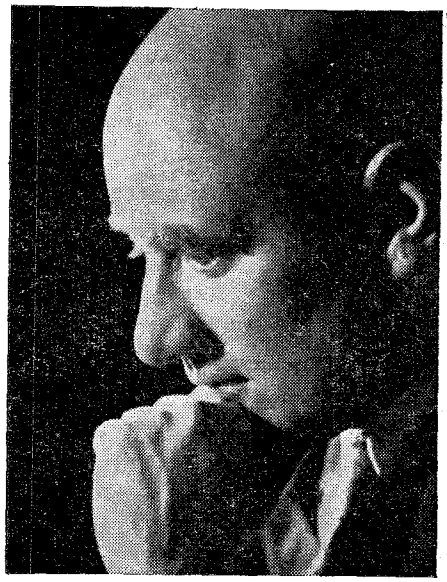
STUDENTS of "old music" have long been familiar with the problem of "rhythmic alteration" which refers to the changes the score was subjected to in actual performance. According to this doctrine, the length of time that each note must be held varied in performance and differed from the graphic image of the score. This was especially true in slow movements, where, according to C.P.E. Bach, "the sixteenth notes in an adagio sound insipid if dots are not placed between them." This means, of course, that a perfectly innocent looking passage that is rattled off by our present-day musicians actually sounded quite different in Bach's own time.

Certain "good" notes (i.e., those on the strong beat) received accents and a little lengthening, while "bad" or "passing" notes (i.e. transient notes on the weak beat) were speeded up or slurred. If we recall that Baroque music was the rhetoric of the age transplanted into sound, it is quite easy to see that this rhythmic alteration aimed at more expressive delivery, something that is missing in the uniformly massive modern rendering of Baroque music (excepting, of course, by a few able and literate musicians) or, if present, takes the form of romantic exuberance technically known as *schmalz*. Agreement on and understanding of the expressive qualities of music brought about by rhythmic alteration were so universal throughout the Baroque era that few of the theoretical writers found it necessary to say much about the subject.

Now Vanguard, which most commendably operates under a "music director," has decided that the time has come to enlighten the American public about the falsity of our performances of Baroque music and has proposed to present an "example of musicology in action." It has issued Bach's four orchestral suites with the slow movements of two of them played according to the doctrine of rhythmic alteration. This could have become not only the sensation of the year in recording but a milestone of music-making. Unfortunately, while the intentions were most laudable, the execution did not realize them. Such a momentous departure from conventional performance practice calls for scholarship and musicianship of a type that is seldom exhibited on the part of conductors and players at work today, and I regret to say that Prohaska, although a very capable musician, is no exception.

The protagonists of this noble experiment did not go far enough in their studies. They do not seem to know that the rules they quote were not of universal validity, but rather flexible, and that they changed to a certain extent with each succeeding generation during the long reign of the Baroque. They disregard the fact that rhythmic alteration was mainly applied to diatonic (stepwise) progressions only. Where the comments accompanying the recording speak of a note "held much longer," the eighteenth-century theorist says "*somewhat* longer," and where the annotation says "played unequally," Quantz expressly says "a *little* unevenly." The net result of the experiment (restricted to two slow movements, the conventional version being given at the end of Suites 3 and 4) is a nervous, jerky texture accentuated by rigid application of the doctrine of alteration, thus merely leading to a new convention. The fact that trills and other ornaments are often inaccurately played, that the keyboard continuo is perfunctory, that there is little differentiation in the sound pattern, and that the annotations are poor, testifies to the absence of the degree of scholarship needed for the success of such an undertaking. If Vanguard wants further to explore this field—and it is very much hoped that it will—I recommend that an able scholar-musicians such as Arthur Mendel, Putnam Aldrich, or Sol Babitz be consulted. So much for the experiment.

When we look at the recordings as just discs without musicological overtones we find much in all three sets that is a pleasure to hear. Of the four Suites, the first two are chamber music while the remaining two, calling on trumpets and kettle drums in addition to the strings, oboes, and bassoon, are outdoor music, and therefore demand a different treatment. Vanguard and RCA Victor do better with the chamber music while Haydn carries off the palm with its rendition of the resplendent outdoor pieces. The vigor and incisiveness of the Haydn Society recordings which show to great advantage in the trumpet suites appear unsuitable to the more intimate chamber music compositions, and in the Second Suite the breathiness of the solo flutist, who has trouble with his articulation, is a disadvantage. The Vanguard recording of this celebrated piece is much better and its flutist is an accomplished artist. Were it not for a certain stodginess in the inner movements this would have been a really fine performance.



Prohaska—"the intentions were laudable."

However, even Prohaska and Vanguard cannot compare to Reiner and RCA in the First Suite. Here is a master conductor leading a superb orchestra with which he can do anything he pleases. The tone is that of chamber music, the tempos are excellent, and the phrasing good. We have that rarity, a conductor who knows how to handle two instruments operating in the same register: the second oboe relieves the first one at the right moment, consequently the part writing becomes crystal clear. At the same time, Reiner likes to use legatos where there should not be any, and he is the only one of the three conductors who makes those outlandish ritards that our forefathers considered the hallmark of ancient music. Just the same, the others cannot touch his orchestra when it plays the quiet dances non-legato, with a feathery elegance; even those behemoths of the orchestra, the

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bass fiddles, tiptoe gracefully in ballet slippers no matter how intricate the convolutions of the bass line. On the other hand, Reiner's B minor Suite is a caricature of Baroque music. It is hard to believe that the same man is officiating at the conductor's desk; the piece is ponderous and BIG, with soulful crescendos that blow your hat off and ritards that give you asthma.

THE two magnificent "showpieces," suites 3 and 4, suffer in the Vanguard version from insufficient differentiation in the sound pattern (which, I realize, may be the fault of the engineers) whereas when the trumpets enter in the Haydn Society set the whole scene is bathed in radiance. The lovely chatter of oboes and bassoon—quite ordinary in the Vanguard version—changes the massive sonority of the tuttis and affords a welcome contrast. The concertino parts, nicely handled in the Haydn, are rather nondescript in the Vanguard performance and at times one has the feeling of impending disaster as the bassoon stumbles along precariously. The famous Air—a bit slow with Vanguard and a bit fast with Haydn Society, although it does get off the ground in the Haydn rendition—is still not quite satisfactory even though it is a pleasure to hear it *not* on the G string. Both forget that "air" means "song" and that consequently the melodic line ought to be shaped with a certain freedom.

Reiner startles us anew in the Third Suite by offering an entirely different conception from what we have come to expect in the concert hall. The piece is played as true chamber music, with the trumpets subdued. The slow movements are conceived as tender rather than festive and are beautifully played (except for an overluscious Air), and the fugue is a delight in sprightliness. The trumpets are carefully scaled down to add a little golden timbre to the texture and there is an exquisite balance of sonorities. This is not at all what Bach intended, but it is utterly musical and a joy to hear. But again, at each ending we have to wait for the other shoe to drop, and the gigue is played like the *prestissimo furioso* of some nineteenth-century symphony.

All three conductors are at fault in their use of the kettledrums, and this time one cannot entirely blame the engineers. They do not seem to realize that, besides noisemaking, the timpani act as bass for the three trumpets, a traditional role in those days, and that therefore their pitch must be impeccable and their sound a musical one. The Vanguard timpani appear to be encased in heavy Jaeger

(*Continued on page* 68)

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Recordings in Review

Strauss's Sunset Glow

STRAUSS: *Four Last Songs. Lisa della Casa, with the Vienna Philharmonic directed by Karl Böhm.* (London LD 9072, $2.95.) *The same, with the final scene of "Capriccio." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, with the Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Otto Ackermann.* (Angel 35084, $5.95.)

IT IS something more than thirty years since a word-conscious critic described Richard Strauss as "the false dawn of modern music." Long after the critic had departed, Strauss's day continued, and in its sunset glow he wrote some of his most beautiful music—not only these magnificent songs, now available for all to appraise and, if they are so disposed, to enjoy, but also the sumptuous "Metamorphosen" for strings, which will, one of these days, come into its own as a masterpiece of the symphonic string literature.

Ernest Newman once imagined the "Abschied" of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" to mark a certain climactic point in Germanic musical romanticism, but the old, supposedly extinct, volcano of Garmisch had the last words, as befits his unique status, post-Wagner. In these sumptuous songs of 1948, when he was eighty-four, there is nothing but mastery—mastery of form, of musical expression, and, above all, mastery of self. He is not merely above but beyond the battle. Striving no longer to astonish or impress or overwhelm the listener, he manages nevertheless to enchant him with the kind of sorcery so well known to us that we had, almost, forgotten to associate it with a living man. The dying one reminds us, in one of those superhuman exhibitions of intellectual power that defy explanation.

The texts, of course, are nostalgic, honoring such paladins of the German lied as Hermann Hesse and Josef von Eichendorff. "Im Abendrot," which with its touching quotation from "Tod and Verklärung" stands last in the sequence, was actually written first. But there is no question that "Beim Schlafengehen," "September," and "Frühling" are properly placed before. It is as though, having satisfied himself that he knew where he was heading, artistically, Strauss could prepare the way more effectively. Orchestrally the detail is as sure as it is pure.

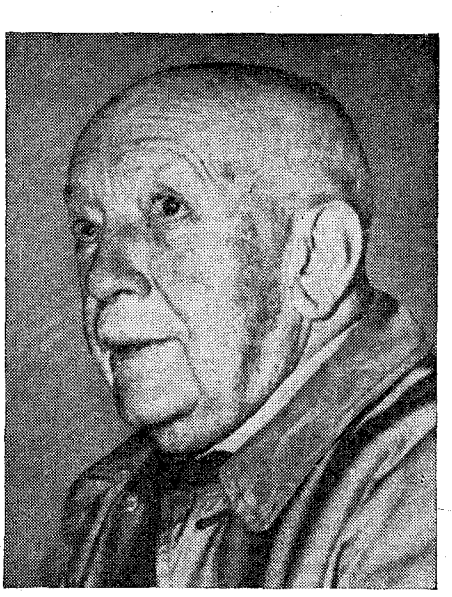
Both performances are worthy of the responsibility involved in launching these works on LP. (Kirsten Flagstad, who first sang them publicly in 1950 with Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting, recorded them for HMV under the patronage of the Maharajah of Mysore, but the results have never reached us.) In the nature of the artistic personalities involved there are, necessarily, variations of emphasis: Della Casa, with her cool sumptuous purity of line gives us the ultimate in sculptural phraseology; Schwarzkopf, more urgent in her emotional response, underscores word meanings and shadings of expression. Each, clearly enough, is wholly conversant with the material in both its musical and poetic phases. As much may be said for conductors Böhm and Ackermann, in terms of the varying objectives of the recording engineers.

Fortunately, there need be no either/or, since the Schwarzkopf twelve-inch LP provides the abandoned Straussian with a further treat: the last monologue of the Countess in "Capriccio." This is a quasi-philosophic discourse that sums up the preceding hour and a half of music and provides those who have not heard "Capriccio" with an elaborate synthesis of its qualities. Those who want only the "Four Last Songs" will find Della Casa's disc warmly satisfying; those with a curiosity about other aspects of Strauss will find an investment in Schwarzkopf's well repaid. Both are excellent reproductions, with the Della Casa embodying a distant, encompassing pickup, the Schwarzkopf a closer, more detailed one.

And High Noon

STRAUSS: *"Don Quixote." Pierre Fournier, cello, and Ernst Moraweg, viola, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Clemens Krauss.* (London LL 855, $5.95.) *The same. Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, Richard Burgin, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch.* (RCA Victor LM 1781, $5.72.)

MORE than fifty years (1897) before Strauss wrote the "Four Last Songs" noted above, he completed what is generally considered the most subtle and enduring of his orchestral works. The conductors who have recorded it—Beecham, Ormandy, Reiner, Strauss himself, in addition to the present pair—may not be quite legion, but they are considerable. All must reckon with the fact that



Strauss at eighty-four—"sorcery."

there is in existence a tape of the Toscanini broadcast of last November which will, sooner or later, be included in the recorded catalogue.

In present terms it seems destined to be late rather than soon, which returns the focus of interest to the two new, and generally excellent, versions enumerated above. Passing reference was made last month to the London issue and what seemed then to be unduly slow tempi. Comparison with the Munch version (and Strauss's own with the Bavarian State Orchestra on Decca DL 9359) testify that these are merely moderately, not unduly, slow tempi.

Other categorical differences which may help the reader reach a choice are as follows: Munch's conducting and the recording of it strive for accent on individual elements, including the solo cello of Piatigorsky, with some relevant fine points not usually heard; Krauss's treatment is more concerned with a total sonority in which the cello and viola are merely leading elements in the orchestral texture. I would say, too, that Krauss, if less interesting at any one given point, sustains the attention more successfully than Munch. *Per se,* the RCA recording is incisive and remarkably defined; the treatment, however, does not suit this work as well as the more general one of London. Fournier, of course, is no such powerful virtuoso as Piatigorsky, but his playing is beautifully suited to the dimensions of Krauss's outline.

Retrospectively, then, I would cite RCA's "Don Quixote" as a powerful specimen of today's reproductive techniques and London's as a more integrated way of hearing the music. If the implication here has something to do with the Toscanini tape, that is an example of subconscious reservation rather hard to deny.

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A Welcome for Warenskjold

GRIEG AND DVORAK: *Songs. Dorothy Warenskjold, soprano, with the Concerts Arts Orchestra conducted by George Greeley.* (Capitol P 8247, $5.70.)

AS CONCERTGOERS and radio listeners (also operagoers in San Francisco) on the West Coast know, Dorothy Warenskjold is one of the most accomplished American sopranos of the day. That she is content, thus far, with regional celebrity is a tribute to her modesty. Also it reflects the sensible view that there are other ways to make a career than by coming to New York prematurely.

In her introductory recording she shows a fine lyric soprano voice, even and lustrous, admirably controlled throughout its range, and especially suitable to such Grieg items as "Solveig's Song," "Tides of Spring" (as "The Last Spring" is described in this English vocal version), and "A Swan." If there is an adverse comment to be made, it would concern the unvarying silken sound she produces, whatever the mood or emotion of the song. It makes for beautifully ear-caressing tone, but also for mind-fatiguing sameness. Included in the Dvorak sequence are the "Gypsy Songs" (with the inescapable "Songs That My Mother Taught Me") and the "Love Songs" (Opus 83). She sings everything in English texts clearly enunciated, but no more authentic for that.

Considering that Capitol has invested this effort on Miss Warenskjold's behalf (the approved pronunciation, I believe, is "Warrenshold"), it might have seen to it that she had livelier, better disciplined accompaniments than George Greeley provides. Also, by some misguided miracle of acoustics, it has managed to provide a bright clean resonance for her voice, a dull fuzzy one for the orchestra, especially where the low end and the timpani are concerned.

The Soviet's Gilels

LISZT: *Concerto No. 1 in E flat. Emil Gilels, piano, with orchestra conducted by K. Kondrashin;* also SAINT SAËNS: *Concerto No. 2 in G minor. The same.* (Vanguard VRS 6015, $5.95.)

TO judge by the choice of Emil Gilels to join David Oistrakh in a musical performance during the recent Berlin meetings, he is the considered choice as the No. 1 pianist of the Soviet Union. To judge by these examples of his skill—neither very well recorded—he is an iron-fingered young man with a style made to order for the late works of Prokofiev, Shostakovich, etc.

However, since he is playing Liszt and Saint Saëns, those abilities are not altogether relevant. Of his ability to play glissandi like glass, runs like rivets, and arpeggios as glittering as arctic ice, there can be no question. But the kind of artistry that distinguishes between effects and expression is hard to find in these performances. There is a suggestion of it in the opening movement of the Saint-Saëns, but the invitation to charm in the allegro scherzando is brusquely rejected. As for the finale, it is hardly the Presto indicated: something more of a vivacissimo. The Liszt performance is glib, tonally metallic, and temperamentally limited.

Vanguard has a sound reputation for high standards in processing, so it must be considered that this tape is a defective one. The orchestral sound is sharp and clear, but the pitch is never quite exact, and the piano tends to waver in sustained passages.

All the Mazurkas

CHOPIN: *Mazurkas (Opus 6, 7, 17, 24, 30, 33, 41, 50, 56, 59, 63, 67, and 68);* also *"Fantaisie Polonaise" (Opus 61) and "Andante spianato and Grande Polonaise" (Opus 22). Artur Rubinstein, piano.* (RCA Victor LM 6109, $17.16.)

IT is rare that any performer has a second chance at so substantial a segment of his chosen instrument's repertory as Rubinstein has here; it is, necessarily, rarer still that one manages not only to equal but even exceed a previous high standard of quality. By some inherent discipline rather hard to analyze but nevertheless plainly evident to recognize, Rubinstein manages to preserve a straightforward line to his objective, yielding neither to emotional exaggeration nor musical understatement.

As a symptom of phonographic progress, it may be noted that Rubinstein's first impressive, if cumbersome, treatment of the Mazurkas (on uncountable 78-rpm discs) utilized a sequence of his own, designed for listening "interest." This time the listener is deemed sufficiently interested in the material itself and sufficiently mature, musically, to take the pieces as they were written, thus providing a special kind of utility—in the area of historical perspective—for Rubinstein's mastery.

It is absorbing to note that the purity, grace, and rhythmic accent of Rubinstein's playing is constant in the little as well as the much-played Mazurkas, that his concern for the second of Opus 33 is no more than his attention to Opus 50, No. 1. In both—as in the many between—the piano sound is of this artist's own distinctive sonority, and though the sequence must have involved physical effort spread over many weeks' time, it can be heard straight through as the expression of a single underlying impulse which few could muster on any given occasion.

In respect to sound, it is interesting to hear that Rubinstein favors for the two Polonaises a fuller, more resonant quality, doubtless related to the more "concerty" expressions they embody. He plays both with a solid balance of dramatic and musical elements, the rewarding "Andante spianato" with especial art in the interlacing figures that pass from right hand to left.

Kleiber's Beethoven No. 5

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C minor. Erich Kleiber conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (London LL 912, $5.95.)

THIS is certainly the best-sounding version of this taxing work now available, and one that is so well performed as to challenge comparison with any other. This is particularly true of the first movement, launched in tremendously impressive vigor by Kleiber and sustained without lapse for its taut, concentrated length. The conductor's preference throughout the work is for tempi that move rather than meditate, but his concentration is not quite firm enough to sustain what he has set in motion. Thus the scherzo has its moments of lax control, and the finale, though beautifully prepared, loses momentum.

However, what Kleiber attempts is of sufficient stature to invite a revaluation of the most recent Toscanini effort (LM 1757). Here is no such considerate concern for mere sonority (it is taken from a broadcast), but the driving force of the conductor is never relaxed, even when it is concealed (in the andante). Moreover, London provides its superior richness of sound and accuracy of detail at more than small cost to the consumer; two sides are utilized for the single work, whereas the Toscanini offers the Symphony No. 8 on the second side.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recording Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: "Handel" and "Paganini" Variations. Sascha Gorodnitzki, piano. Capitol P-8227, $5.70.	These works make an excellent coupling, if the pianist to make both sound equally well is no common article. Gorodnitzki has the fluency and power to match Brahms's requirements, but either his tone is shallower than it used to be or the Capitol engineers have given it minimum resonance. In either case, he is too much concerned with pianistic display, too little with emotional communication for my taste.
Brahms: Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with orchestra conducted by K. Kondrashin. Vanguard VRS 6018, $5.95. Colosseum CRLP 150, $5.45.	This reproduction is still well short of the best work being done here and in Western Europe, but it is closer to current standards than any previous performance with Oistrakh. His is unquestionably beautiful violin playing, fine-grained and superbly controlled, but as one "point" after another accumulates it strikes me as a rather studied essay on how to play the Brahms Concerto instead of a forthright performance of the work itself. Vanguard's processing yields a disc less shrill in treble accentuation than the Colosseum. As a further difference the latter offers the Ysaye "Sonata-Ballade" (Opus 27, No. 3) as a second-side filler.
Debussy: "Fêtes Galantes," etc. Maggie Teyte, soprano, with Alfred Cortot and Gerald Moore, pianists. RCA Victor LCT 1133, $5.72.	The art of Teyte in its best estate, restored to currency with an increased glow of life, thanks to modern processing methods and the mood-fostering continuity of LP. Included are the "Chansons de Bilitis" and "Le Promenoir des deux amants" of Debussy on side one (with Cortot), and "Après un rêve" (Fauré), "Psyché," (Paladilhe), "Chanson Triste" (Duparc), and three songs of Hahn on side two (with Moore).
Debussy: "Estampes," "Images" (Sets 1 and 2). Walter Gieseking, piano. Columbia ML 4773, $5.95.	Gieseking's evocative magic may even be enhanced by the curtain of time which makes these revivals of prewar performances dimmer sounding than more recent recordings. Included is Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," with the inimitable performance of "Scarbo" and "Ondine" in as liquid a sound as any pianist has produced.
Enesco: "Roumanian Rhapsodies," Nos. 1 and 2. Leopold Stokowski conducting. RCA LRM 7043, $2.98.	Dazzling sound and dynamic performances are Stokowski's newest contribution to the art of recording which he has enhanced so much. Of especial note are the clarity and detail of the woodwind playing, not to mention the artistry of the players involved. It is hard to overstate the pleasure content of this disc, one of the best RCA has recently produced.
Glinka: "Ruslan and Ludmilla" Suite; Berlioz: "Les Troyens" Suite. Anatole Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony; Jean Martinon conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. M-G-M E 3053, $4.85.	In the context of the recording above, this is rather thin and ill-favored, but both Fistoulari for the Russian and Martinon for the French are skilled hands at the music they undertake. As a commentary on the selective process of history, the best-known portions of each score—the Glinka "Overture" and the Berlioz "Royal Hunt and Storm"—are superior in interest to the lesser-known excerpts. Included are the "Oriental Dances" and "March of the Wizard" from "Ruslan," the Overture, Ballet Music, and "Trojan March" from "Les Troyens." The balance and clarity of the recording are admirable, though more resonance would be desirable.
Mozart: Concerto in A. David Oistrakh, violin, with orchestra conducted by Golovanov. Period SPL 590, $5.95.	Exceedingly clear, refined Mozart by Oistrakh, in a tone of uncommon sweetness and warmth. The small orchestra plays well under Golovanov, and the recording, though deadish, is finely balanced. With it is a version of Beethoven's Triple Concerto (Oborin is the pianist, Knusevitsky the cellist) of sterling ensemble quality but decidedly leaden sound values. However it shows Oistrakh as good a collaborator as he is a star.
Mozart: Divertimento No. 17 in D, K.334. Jan Tomasow, violin, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska. Vanguard VRS 441, $5.95.	This is in every way a remarkable product: lovingly prepared, skilfully executed, and brilliantly reproduced. On the whole, the use of a large group of strings for a work Mozart wrote as a sextet has its justification, though the first minuet has a heavier tread than desirable. Tomasow does his work well, even if the treble emphasis is not kind to his E string tone.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia ML 4817, $5.95.	Some of Szell's tempi strike me as unduly fast (especially in movements one and two) but he does a flavorsome performance of the adagio, which is well phrased by his excellent strings. Altogether, however, it is not as warmly realized as the Stokowski version on RCA Victor, either as an interpretative conception or a recording.
Schumann: "Davidsbündlertänze," "Papillons." Joerg Demus, piano. Westminster WL 5232, $5.95.	Demus is undoubtedly a pianist with a flair for this literature, but he tends to drowse over some of the more introspective episodes where forward movement is decidedly desirable. His best qualities are more apparent in the "Papillons," in which the contrasts of mood give more variety to his playing than may be heard in the "Davidsbündler." Good reproduction of a rather dull piano.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. Leopold Stokowski conducting. RCA Victor LM 1870, $5.72.	As a recording this is on the order of the Enesco noted above, while lacking the element of display in that music which Stokowski exploits so well. Here he is characteristically capricious in small details, without developing sufficient momentum in the total conception to retain the interest. James Chambers is the horn soloist, and very good too.
Walton: "Façade" Suite. Constant Lambert conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra; Elgar: "Wand of Youth." Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic. Columbia ML 4793, $5.95.	Lambert's pungent feeling for this music is well known, and if this reproduction does not match some high-fidelity versions, it is higher in fidelity to the composer's purpose. It is, however, hard to imagine a taste to which both "Façade" and this poorish specimen of Elgar's talent would appeal. The mere fact that both are English-born does not reconcile far more profound differences. Sargent conducts capably, and this recording is reasonably faithful.
Wolf: "Italian Serenade"; Quartet in D minor. New Music Quartet, Columbia ML 4821, $5.95.	Broadus Erle and associates play the delightful Serenade with enthusiasm and plentiful discipline, though I find the tempo—as in most performances—fast. The early quartet (it was finished when Wolf was in his early twenties) has its interests as a "portrait of the artist as a young man," but it bears little resemblance to the mature artist. In fact it is doubtful if any composer of repute ever tried harder to look like Beethoven. The performance is remarkably adept, but hardly convincing. —Irving Kolodin.

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Cats in the Backroom

Continued from page 60

Charles's most recent LP (Prestige 164) he combines his vibraphone with Shorty Rogers's trumpet, Shelly Manne's drums, and the bass playing of Curtis Counce. The results are as dizzy as anything the *avant-gardistes* have yet produced. There are just four compositions, all originals, on the two sides of the LP. The subject matter is mostly made up of motives, which may be five or fifteen measures in length, instead of the traditional thirty-two bars of standard chord progressions. The form consists of several statements of these themes, in varying form, throughout a composition, separated by solos improvised on the themes. There is always a fluid beat and a lot of brisk counterpoint. The results, though well past the tentative stage, are only partially successful, as the men themselves admit.

Last but not least, in New York, there is the Modern Jazz Quartet (Milt Jackson, vibraphone; John Lewis, arranger-composer, piano; Percy Heath, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums), which is not as stratospheric an outfit as Charles's group, but which in its tests with form, instrumentation, and original material has already found a balance that is buoyant, inspired, and fresh. (In comparison with the achievement of the Modern Jazz Quartet, in fact, which incidentally seems to appeal to *all* tastes, the work of Rogers and Mulligan has a tendency to be repetitive, hollow, and mechanical, probably because of an overemphasis on arrangements, the similarity of material and tonal effects, etc.) The work of the MJQ can be heard on Prestige LP 160, a record in which there is striking use of the fugue, original forms, improvisation on themes of varying lengths, and a continually persuasive and subtle rhythmic foundation.

The *avant-garde* has won a wide audience in a comparatively short time through its records and public appearances. Naturally, some of this is due to the fact that the public ear has been prepared, one way or another, for ten or twelve years by Alec Wilder, Raymond Scott, Claude Thornhill, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Bud Powell. It would be silly to make any judgments at this stage as to the eventual direction and value of this new music, except to say that it is moving out and up, with collective improvisation and the beat—the two hearts of jazz—notably intact, all of which means that the cows in this pasture, at any rate, are alive and jumping.

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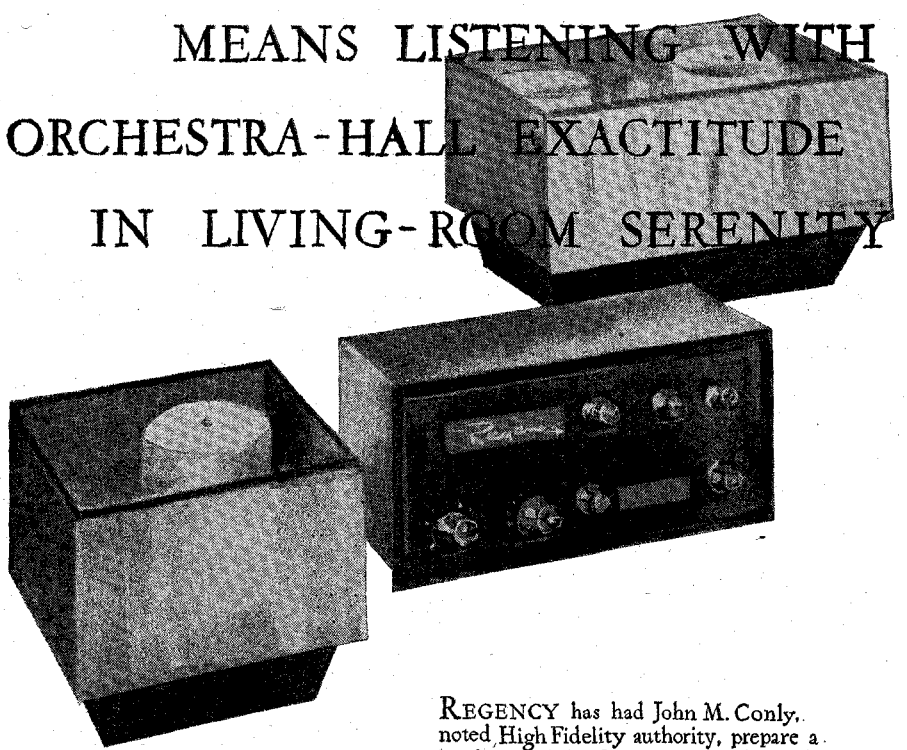

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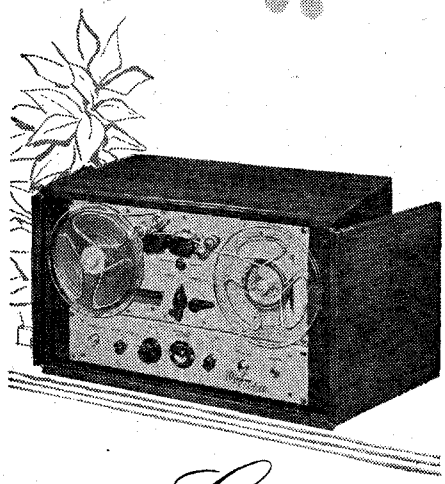

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Bounty from the Organ Loft

LOVERS of the pipe organ whose taste runs to nineteenth-century romantic music—a taste which has not been heavily rewarded for many years—come into a rich legacy of sound with current LP releases. There are recordings that produce the biggest, most expansive sound this side of the Roxy. Those who have felt that a large organ could not be reproduced in the home will probably have to change their tune, and also beware of the reactions of their neighbors.

Columbia has established a relationship with the trustees of the Memorial Music Hall, at Methuen, Massachusetts, to record the impressive pipe organ there—surely the only auditorium on this continent designed and built specifically and exclusively to house an organ. The instrument was built in Germany by Walcker, shared a small sailing vessel with gin, coffee, and nutmegs, and landed in Boston in the spring of 1863. It was the first concert organ in the United States, and soon became known as the "Boston Music Hall Organ." Amid great storm and strife, it was later removed from the Hall and stored in the limbo of a warehouse for several years, not appearing in Methuen until 1909. Since then, of course, it has been modernized and acquired a new console, but the original massive tone is as great as it ever was.

In one respect the recording of the Methuen instrument is better than a direct hearing in the auditorium. Mechanically this organ is noisy, the behind-the-scenes "clop, clop" sound that goes with changing registration being particularly evident; but when the recordings were made, "stop" changes were done in pauses between parts of the music, then the pauses cut out of the tape.

E. Power Biggs is the organist. He has dipped into a repertory for which the organ was designed and built, the music of Liszt and Reubke. Although Liszt wrote little for the organ, what he did write was noble in stature and of generous proportions. More or less incidentally, his organ music is as demanding of the organ as his piano compositions are of that instrument. The recordings, in turn, are demanding of a phonograph. It takes an amplifier-speaker combination in the high-fidelity range to do them justice. Of two or three possible Liszt selections, Mr. Biggs and Columbia have joined forces on the "Fantasia and Fugue on BACH." According to Sacheverell Sitwell, it is "one of the most tremendous things in all contrapuntal music." The combination of music, instrument, performer, and record quality is a happy one.

On the other side is a composition of Julius Reubke, an organist of legendary talent who died in 1858 at the age of twenty-four. There is, of course, no telling what he might have written had he lived to a riper age, but his "Sonata on the Ninety-Fourth Psalm" is in itself enough to establish for him a reputation as an organ composer. The most valid reason his name is not better known apart from the organ is that his music is so suited to that instrument as to be virtually meaningless when played by an orchestra or by another instrument. The Sonata is a thing of its own kind, without sisters or cousins or brothers in more familiar musical literature. Some years ago Mr. Biggs recorded it on 78-rpm discs. While the instrument was more than adequate, it by no means had the sonority of the Walcker organ at Methuen, nor did one hear the fire and brilliance that are in the newer record. (Columbia ML 4820.)

ALSO from Massachusetts, this time from Boston's Symphony Hall, comes another nineteenth-century composition. Emory Cook, prime exponent of binaural recording, has issued a conventional LP edition of Dubois' "The Seven Last Words." The title, of course, refers to the utterances of Christ from the cross, and the music is standard repertory in churches during the pre-Easter season. Far easier to perform than the great Passions, it has a charm and warmth that frequently don't appear in small church performances. One might say that it is usually rendered, rather than performed.

The performance here, by the Boston Chorale under Willis Page's direction, is sensitive and clean, and the soloists first-rate, particularly the baritone Mac Morgan, who sings the "Words" themselves. But the grandeur of the sound on the record steals the thunder from the artists. The liveness of Symphony Hall has been captured without running to the all-too-common excess of reverbera-

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tion, and the Symphony Hall organ, new in 1950, fairly floats through the room in a way that is almost eerie. It is truly something to be heard to be believed. (Cook LP 1094.)

Marilyn Mason is an Oklahoma-born young woman of uncommon charm who started playing the organ when she was six. Now on the faculty of the University of Michigan, she has been for some time vigorously conducting a one-woman campaign for more hearings of contemporary organ music. To that end, she has previously recorded Shoenberg and Satie, and has now turned to Virgil Thomson and Roger Sessions. There are few organists today who have Miss Mason's technical accomplishments, or her devotion to modern music. Recorded by Esoteric in St. Paul's Chapel of Columbia University, the four-manual Aeolian-Skinner comes through very well, considering the auditorium difficulties that faced the recording engineers. The Chapel surely was not built with recording in mind.

Sessions is represented in a "Chorale," and three Chorale Preludes. All are rigidly uncompromising, in Sessions's typical manner, exquisite in workmanship and design if somewhat shocking in spots. Virgil Thomson, who was an organist in the days before he became one of the nation's better known music critics, wrote four sets of variations on familiar Sunday-School tunes during his Paris residence of 1926 and 1927. The tunes are "Come Ye Disconsolate," "There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus," "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" and "Shall We Gather at the River?" Miss Mason's performance is finished and flawless, and doubtless reflects the composer's intentions, since Mr. Thomson directed the recording of his pieces. There is a great deal of charm here which is too often lacking in contemporary music. (Esoteric ES-522.)

Organists and organ fans will possibly be interested in the "Symphonie Passion" of Marcel Dupré, recorded by Clarence Watters on the organ of Trinity College Chapel at Hartford. Mr. Watters is a fine organist, the recording is excellent, and the music is a splendid example of the French romantic school. (Classic LP 1020.)

Also released this month are two recordings by Richard Elsasser on the organ of the John Hays Hammond Museum, at Gloucester, Mass. One is the Widor organ Symphony No. 6, in G Minor. (M-G-M LP 3065.) The other disc includes the Reubke "Ninety-Fourth Psalm" and Guilmant's Sonata No. 1 in D minor. (M-G-M LP 3078.) —David Hebb.

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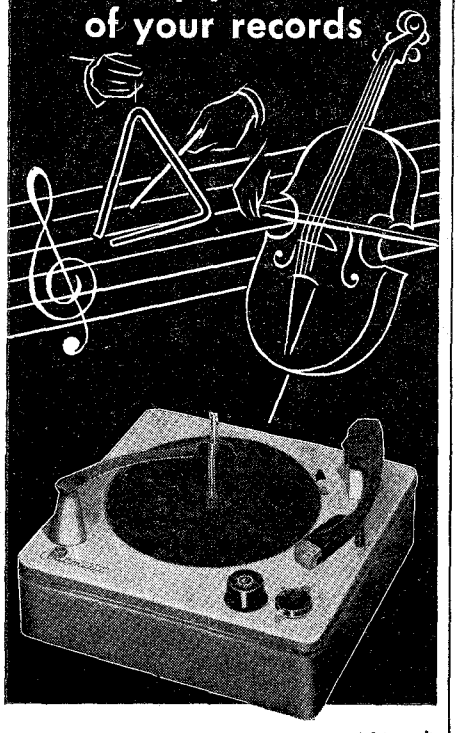

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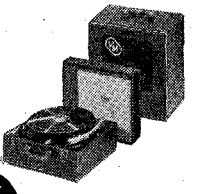

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From the Charles to the Seine

A YEAR in which Leahy leaves Notre Dame obviously calls for the elegiac services of a Walt Whitman rather than your correspondent. I must confess to a sissyfied addiction to the Harvard football team, sometimes known, in its own bailiwick, as "the eleven." And in that connection let me say that a onetime mathematics instructor in the institution on the Charles has delivered himself of a work entitled "Fight Fiercely, Harvard," which is a must for all adherents of the Ivy League—and if you know of a better league, go to it. This man's name is Tom Lehrer; he is described on the LP jacket as a "longtime exponent of the *derrière-garde* in American music," and in addition to his hymn to the cohorts of Pusey he delivers himself of some rich parodies on such themes as "The Old Dope Peddler," "Be Prepared," and a gallimaufry of topics revolving about the Wild West, Austria, and "the many delightful features of the South." This record, I warn you, is about to have an enormous snob sale, and, in this case, snobbism is right. Lehrer sings with the clarity of Merman; he wrote the whole business himself, and, to quote him further: "Additional copies of this record, at $3.95 each, plus 30 cents for mailing, may be obtained from Tom Lehrer, Box 121, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts." (Transradio TR 740.)

Lehrer is a superb buffoon, and Hugh Shannon has a most agreeable café baritone, devoted to rare items like Cole Porter's "Down in the Depths on the 90th Floor" (Atlantic ALS 406). I am constitutionally incapable of working up a pulse over the magenta maunderings of Mabel Mercer (no alliteration intended) but she is absolutely top chic and offers a number of songs written especially for her (Atlantic ALS 408) which have a Madison Avenue prestige rivalling that of the distinction enjoyed by the *noh* drama among the big Mitsubishi and Lafcadio Hearn men.

On the other hand, as a sucker for Paris—after all these years, too—I suggest Jacqueline François in a program of French "American Favorites" (Columbia ML 4780) which include works of Charles Trenet, Jacques Prevert, and that solidified old Gaul, Richard Rodgers ("It Might As Well Be Spring"). Miss François sings, we are told, more or less in the American manner, but she is French enough for me, with good chest tones and a fine repertory. Francophiles of a deeper strain than mine may prefer Patachou, who has had an American success recently after a Parisian vogue in a bistro next to her own pastry shop. Among other things she does a song by Victor Hugo and a prayer to the Virgin Mary (Columbia ML 4778), and I will simply say that I have an unlettered sense of her Frenchness, but I vastly prefer Miss François' tunes. On this page, when the chips are down, we opt for music, not words.

And you may have some delightful jazz piano playing in the conserva-

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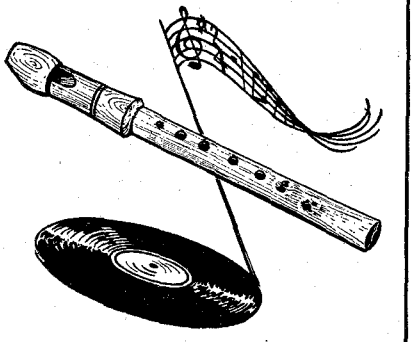

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tive vein with Eddie Heywood and in the elegant direction with Teddy Wilson, "Pianorama" (M-G-M E3093). A lady wholly unknown to me, Dotty Denny, gives a fine account of tunes by the jazz band arranger Edgar Sampson (A440 AJ505). His compositions, in case you have forgotten them, include "Stomping at the Savoy," "Don't Be That Way," and "If Dreams Come True." Miss Denny projects them with power and taste. Bud Powell, a modern jazz pianist of remarkable grace and facility, is heard in a chamber operation with the bassist Charles Mingus and the drummer Max Roach (Debut DLP-3). This trio represents the new school of colored jazz musicians at a very high level of talent, and their *scherzi* on the themes of "Cherokee" and "Lullaby of Birdland" I would not want to be without. I wish, however, that we could have an end to jacket photographs of musicians perspiring, honestly and in high camera magnification, at their work. The fact it requires a good deal of sweat to produce the nuances of Bud Powell's piano invention goes without saying. It can also go without illustrating. I daresay Cézanne blew his nose from time to time, between brush strokes. Too bad somebody wasn't around with a Rolleiflex.

I HAVE recently had an understandable complaint about the quality of the Riverside repressing of the ancient Louis Armstrong blues accompaniments (Riverside RLP 1001). My correspondent tells me that he was so fearfully let down by this bum steer of mine that he seldom, if ever, plays the record. Too bad. Unfortunately, he doesn't tell me what sort of phonographic gear he maintains, so that I am left helpless and with the realization that I presumably owe the reader a candid statement as to my own stance in the field of phonography.

Very well. I have what is best described as a bastard instrument involving a woofer and a tweeter, skilfully rigged fourteen years ago by a man who cared about music. Since then I have had a Webster three-speed installation, and I yield to none in my devotion to the diamond needle. On the other hand, my apparatus has only the most exiguous connection with anything that can be called high-fi. I can play the aforesaid Louis Armstrong blues numbers, out of the old Paramount catalogue of the mid-Twenties, courtesy of John Hammond and others, and the results are very warming in these February days. Let's put it this way: High-fi. High-schmi.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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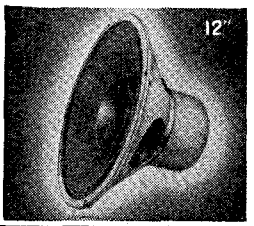

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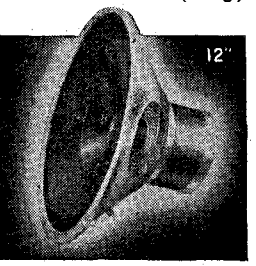

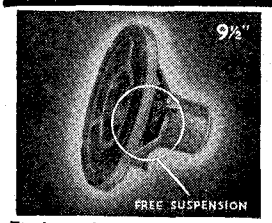

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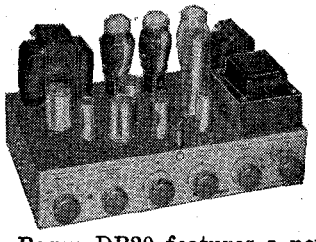

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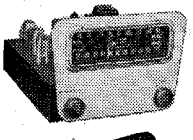

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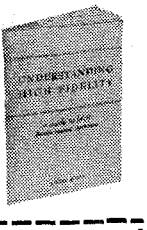

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West Coast Audio Report

By MILDRED NORTON, *music critic of the* Los Angeles Daily News.

LOS ANGELES.

FOR THREE DAYS early this month (Feb. 4-5-6) hi-fi fans milled happily around four floors of the Alexandria Hotel, where the Los Angeles Audio Fair was exhibiting the latest wrinkles in the field of sound. Throughout each day technical sessions were held by the sponsoring Audio Engineering Society for those privy to the more arcane aspects of audiology, and at the other extreme an indoctrination film titled "Shy Si Meets Hi-Fi" initiated the novice at hourly intervals. Audio's classroom role, including its aid to deaf and hard-of-hearing children, was demonstrated and audiometer tests sent happy numbers away bearing trophies attesting to their possession of a "Golden Ear."

Of the seventy-five manufacturers represented, few offered any signal extensions over those of last year. The potentials of tape are still being investigated, although thus far largely in the sphere of education. New binaural tapes were demonstrated by the A-V Tape Libraries, Inc., which now puts out a catalogue of prerecorded tapes in two speeds on single or double track. Among tape recorders, Ampex, Magnecord, and Concertone maintained their corner on the de-luxe category, with Pentron this year showing a new low-priced multi-speed model as well as a slightly more expensive portable boasting a three-speaker placement.

Among amplifiers, Newcomb has entered the tri-dimensional race with a two channel stereophonic model at a net price of $179.50. Bell offered what seemed like an exceptionally good buy in a new twenty-watter, and has also branched out this year with an AM-FM tuner of good selectivity and response. McIntosh and Fisher are still out in front, with the latter adding a new twenty-five-watter to its already fine line.

H. H. Scott displayed a de luxe engineering job in a new Dynaural equalizer, an addition to his popular ten-watt transcription amplifier, and Fairchild has brought out a good, easily operated preamplifier-equalizer featuring a balanced bar control. For the armchair navigator, Rauland has equipped its current amplifier with an attractively packaged front end, the controls of which hide coyly in a leatherette bound volume that can lend a literary aura to table or book shelf with equal duplicity.

A new de-luxe FM tuner brought out by Precedent impressed me as quite the best in this bracket, while in the AM-FM category Browning and Fisher seemed to be holding firm in popular affection.

In pickups, ceramic cartridges were more in evidence than before, although interest still seemed centered in the variable reluctance cartridge such as GE and Pickering. A new ribbon-type job brought out by Ferranti aroused considerable enthusiasm among seasoned audiophiles.

AUTOMATIC record changers, showing few developments over last season, were augmented this year by the Swiss Thorens line, which espouses a gear-driven induction motor. Garrard has added another changer to its stable, including among its features a variable pitch adjustment which should make it of interest to record collectors with absolute pitch. Collaro and Tri-O-Matic were also well represented.

Bogen, which has heretofore occupied itself with amplifiers and tuners, has this year added its own manual turntable to a field in which Rek-O-Kut and Presto have enjoyed long popularity. A compact innovation is the new Weathers Debonnaire, which for $99.50 packages a manual turntable and preamplifier combination utilizing the Weathers tone-arm and cartridge.

In the speaker contingent, Jim Lansing's chastely designed horn and reflex enclosures continued to guarantee a high order of quality for the listener, with his big theatre type model suggesting just about the ultimate in this respect. Altec and Electro-Voice were also represented, the latter with its Regency model featuring the Klipsch principle of folded corner horn and built-in "corner." Klipsch's own Rebel speaker, although not a new entry, continued to hold considerable interest, and the Stephens Tru-Sonic line seemed geared for all emergencies with its Read-designed "Fold-a-flex" enclosure drafted to accommodate any of three combinations.

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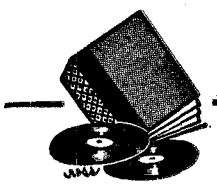

Wit by Wilde

THINGS are certainly looking up in the field of recorded drama, and we are again in debt to Angel Records. Several months ago that organization gave us the superb Old Vic production of "Murder in the Cathedral." They have now made available in this country a recording of Sir John Gielgud's production of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" with Sir John himself in the part of John Worthing (Angel 3504, $11.90/$9.90). The whole performance, without flaw as to recording, is exactly right in tone. It has just the right style for this brittle, brilliant comedy in which style is everything and in which a false note could ruin it all. Alan Dent in his illuminating note on the play (which is part of the accompanying booklet) quotes from Gielgud's own comment in his preface to the printed edition of the play: "The pace of the comedy must be leisurely, mannered, and everybody must, of course, speak beautifully; the wit must appear spontaneous, though self-conscious." These words may be used to convey the quality of this performance. Sir John and everyone else in the cast have been guided by these words and, in every sense, have acted upon them.

At this date "The Importance of Being Earnest" hardly needs introduction. It is Wilde's lightest play and his masterpiece. It does not require summary, and indeed a summary would make it seem absurd, which it is. But it is the ridiculousness of wit and the nonsense of fantasy. If it is satire, it is satire so slight and so light that it is pure play and pure poetry.

The two young men about town and country, John Worthing (John Gielgud) and Algernon Moncrieff (Roland Culver) are not to be taken too seriously, or seriously at all. But in the play they take their trivialities with witty solemnity, and are elegantly earnest about the unimportant. Lady Bracknell is the dowager on the rampage, dominating and hilarious, shrewd and silly, a woman of the world, outrageously realistic and assured. She is at once all pomposity and all wit, or rather a wonderful fusion of the two. Such a fusion would be impossible to portray save by so accomplished an artist as Dame Edith Evans. Dame Edith does succeed in portraying this impossibility, and one believes in her.

The results throughout are sheer enchantment. One realizes after ten minutes that the enchantment is largely that of language. One is reminded that in England, at any rate, it is realized that speech is the primary and paramount medium of the theatre. It is so incontestably in this farce that has the texture of fantasy, this high comedy whose wit lies over and over again in the poised and delicate turning of a phrase.

Sir John knows how to pack both substance and sparkle into such a line as John Worthing's: "It is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth." When Lady Bracknell discovers that John Worthing, her daughter's suitor, does not know who his parents are, Dame Edith Evans puts just the right touch of asperity and absurdity into her reply: "To lose one parent, Mr. Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness." Pamela Brown manages to render at once light and edged Gwendolen's comment: "In matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity is the vital thing." Certainly style is the vital thing in this play, and the actors catch the tone of the comedy in the inflections of their voices. They realize the importance of playing earnestly (but always lightly) and never for laughs the grave manner of a drawing-room conversation of well-placed and cultivated people of the Nineties. They know the atmosphere must be that of always correct-sounding brilliance.

The accompanying booklet is a model of what such things should be. Mr. Dent's essay is full of just observations on the play and of happy quotations from the criticism of the period, including the surprising lack of perception by dramatic critic Shaw that he was seeing a masterpiece, the unusually winged recognition by William Archer of just what sort of masterpiece he was seeing. But the records themselves are the thing; they can be listened to as one might to a Mozart divertimento, to which the play may not inaptly be compared. But perhaps the difference between music and recorded speech may be illustrated by the fact that one would not listen even to so good a play as often as one would listen to equally good music of the same kind.

—IRWIN EDMAN.

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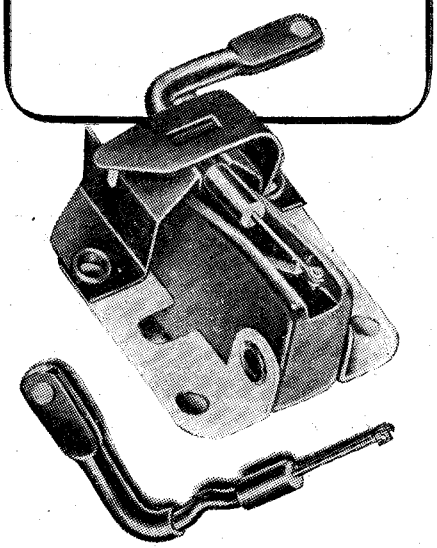

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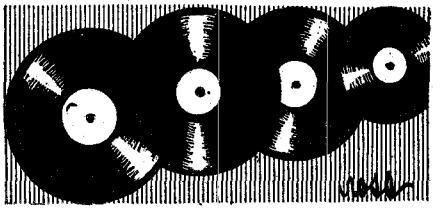
Orchestral Suites

Continued from page 57

underwear, and even the Haydn and RCA drums, which come off much better, seem to wear cotton shorts. The continuo is much better handled by the Hewitt ensemble, nicely filling in the empty spaces and contributing to the balance of sound. In the other two recordings the continuo is missing at important places and I can't figure out what the harpsichord is doing in the Polonaise (from Suite No. 3) where there is a wide hiatus between bass and treble. Finally, the Haydn Society set has excellent comments by a reputable musical scholar.

ASIDE from the problems of rhythmic alteration, this sort of music is badly in need of extensive study and experimentation—in which the engineers too should take a hand. Such close-knit texture—lots of black notes in all parts and very little air space between them—tends to become blurred and one loses track of the part-writing that is so important in this style. Very often one hears nothing but an energetic sawing away on the strings. Baroque music is bottom-heavy anyway and the bass—as important as the treble—is ever so busy and ever so exposed. It is quite possible that correct recording of this music calls for a very dissimilar composition of the orchestra, or perhaps the solution rests in a radical scaling-down of all the participating forces. Another thing that our amateur musicologists do not seem to realize is that flutes and oboes were not used singly in the Baroque but in "choirs," i.e., more than one instrument to a part. If so used, the intended quality of sound, a liquefying of the string tone, will be realized. Even in the B minor Suite, all passages for the flute not marked "solo" should be played by two or three flutes. Many a significant chord or passage was lost in all three recordings because the oboes did not have enough strength to assert themselves.

Our time shows a great liking and affinity for Baroque music: not only the public but creative musicians too turn to it with affection; therefore, any improvement in its rendition on discs will be rewarding to all concerned.



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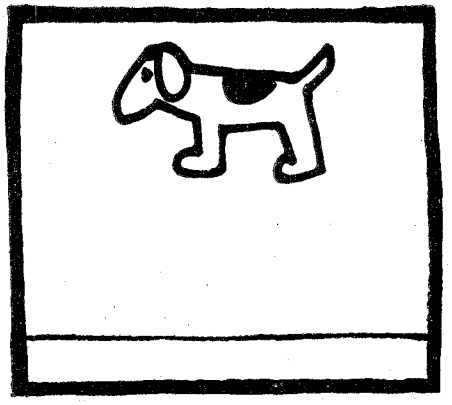

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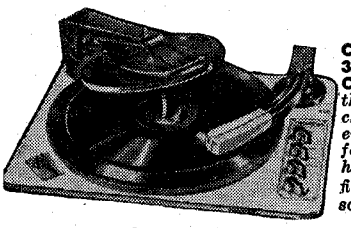

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Operatic Duplications

AS A charter member of the "wait and see" school of thought where operatic recordings are concerned, the recent appearance of duplicate versions of works so various as Strauss's "Salome," Gounod's "Faust," and Massenet's "Werther" provides an excellent test of the soundness of such precepts. The predecessor versions—a "Salome" on Oceanic from Dresden, the Beecham and Metropolitan "Fausts," the "Werther" from Paris—were all reasonably representative. Would one who bought them regret the choice a year or so later? ("Werther," of course, is a different case; the Urania edition only appeared last fall.)

Much depends on the importance the listener attaches to reproduced sound as such. This applies particularly to the "Salome" and the "Faust," for the artistic values are not notably greater in the new versions than in the old. Insofar as "Salome" is concerned, there is little doubt that the engineers who provided Columbia with the tapes for its SL 126 ($17.85) came away from Vienna with a good deal more of Strauss's score than can be heard on Oceanic CLP 302. Since so much of the effect in "Salome" depends on hearing as much as possible of the orchestral detail, the advantage enjoyed by conductor Rudolf Moralt is apparent, even if the singers are sometimes disproportionately close to the microphone.

As between Salomes, Walburga Wegner does not have quite the dramatic conception of Oceanic's Christel Goltz, but she sings the music with fine control and a consistent sense of line much enhanced by the excellent reproduction. Josef Metternich is a better Jokanaan than Josef Herrmann was on the older set, but Laszlo Szemere is a more aggressively neurotic Herod than the excellent Oceanic one, Bernd Aldenhoff.

Something of the same improvement in total sound can be credited to the new "Faust" from Paris, but the importance of that value in the Gounod scheme of things is decidedly less than in the Straussian. Considering the promise of such names as Victoria de los Angeles, Boris Christoff, and Nicolai Gedda, RCA LM 6400 ($22.88) must be classed as a disappointment. For this the blame is primarily André Cluytens', for his conducting is heavy-handed where it is not plodding, and too much of the time it is both. Even in the extended ballet music—where he is wholly on his own—it does not have the *esprit* or invigorating pulse of Beecham's effort (though that had no such redoubtable cast as this one).

In the present ensemble Boris Christoff quite naturally makes the strongest impression, since he is the most powerful personality of the group. However, this is rather an uneven Mephistopheles by the standard of his Boris, decidedly good where he can use the menace in his dark, sizable voice to paint a portrait of the evil-doer, but less resourceful where he has to spin a vocal line. Moreover, his command of French is awkward, as the exchanges with the excellent Valentin (Jean Borthayre) make all too apparent.

As for Gedda, "Faust" requires another kind of singing than that demanded of him in his brilliant stint in "The Merry Widow," and one in which he is not yet wholly adept. However, he sings a magnificent "Salut! demeure," fresh, soaring, and with an ecstasy of emotion up to the top C which is no common thing. As a characterization this will doubtless improve, for he has the voice and mind for the part. Miss De los Angeles sings her customary kind of Marguerite, which is to say that it is cleanly articulated, always accurate, and sometimes artistic, but deficient in personal accent or emotional impact. Considerable care has been expended on the engineering (save for the church scene, where, for the sake of suggesting a huge vaulted space, an undue amount of blur has been tolerated) which makes all the more regrettable that the conductor was not a more positive personality than M. Cluytens. Among the virtues of RCA's presentation is an absorbing essay on Faust by Lionel Trilling.

On the face of it, a version of Massenet's "Werther" made in Italy with an all-Italian cast singing French would not seem to offer very much that is competitive to a French version, but inspection of Cetra C-1245 ($17.85) shows some interesting virtues to offset palpable faults. The French is roughly handled throughout, and Ferruccio Tagliavini's is no more the voice for "Porquoi me réveiller?" in a full-length "Werther" than it was for the badly strained version of the air he made for RCA Victor a few years ago. However, he collaborates with Pia Tassinari (Charlotte) in giving considerable dramatic vitality to a work which is inert without it. In this respect it holds the interest more than the Urania version with Suzanne Juyol [*SR* Oct. 31].

IT IS this quality of theatre, of giving the illusion, at least, that the performers believe in the work with which they are concerned, that gives the Italian version, for all its other lapses, a degree of genuine interest. Tassinari, on the whole, is a surer-voiced Charlotte than Tagliavini is a Werther, with Marcello Cortis doing the most consistently good singing as Alfredo. Vittoria Neviani is a shrill Sophie. The conductor is Francesco (Molinari) Pradelli, who is in more than small measure responsible for the theatrical values in the performance. The total sound, though hardly brilliant, is quite acceptable. —I. K.

De los Angeles and Gedda at "Faust" recording session.

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MARCH RELEASES

BERLIOZ:
Symphonie Fantastique, Opus 14
London Symphony Orchestra,
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen WL 5268*

LISZT:
Les Preludes
The Battle of the Huns
Mazeppa — Orpheus
Tone Poems for Orchestra
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London, Conducted by Dean Dixon WL 5269*

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS:
English Folk Song Suite
Norfolk Rhapsody
Fantasia on Greensleeves
Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis
Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra,
Conducted by Sir Adrian Boult WL 5270*

MOZART:
String Quintet in C Major, K. 515
Barylli Quartet
Wilhelm Huebner—2nd Violin WL 5271

BEETHOVEN:
Sonata No. 9 for Violin and Piano in A Major, Opus 47 ("Kreutzer")
Sonata for Violin and Piano in A Major, Opus 12, No. 2
Jean Fournier—Violin
Ginette Doyen—Piano WL 5272

BEETHOVEN:
Wind Trio in E Flat Major, Opus 87
Variations on Mozart's "Reich Mir Die Hand Mein Leben" in C Major
Rondino in E Flat, Andante
Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group WL 5262

BRAHMS:
String Sextet in G Major, Opus 36
Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet
Wilhelm Huebner—2nd Viola
G. Weiss—2nd Cello WL 5263

ROBERT SCHUMANN:
Sonata in G Minor, Opus 22
Humoreske, Opus 20
Joerg Demus—Piano WL 5264

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Mary Garden

Continued from page 58

from the Victor sessions of the Twenties. Far and away the finest of them all is the English version of Gretchaninoff's "Over the Steppe" (reissued on HMV VA 18) in which Garden's distinguished diction comes through magnificently.

Of lesser interest are Cadman's "At Dawning" and James H. Rogers's "At Parting." Though they are well sung, one cannot help wishing that Garden were bestowing her talents elsewhere. One is reminded of the passage in Max Ewing's "Going Somewhere" when a group enters the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel to hear a Mary Garden matinee musical:

> . . . As they arrived in the Plaza ballroom no one noticed their clothes, for Mary Garden was making an entrance.
>
> Mary Garden strode out on the ballroom platform with a lithe contemptuous grace. She walked very slowly, and looked out over the room as if she were contemplating buying it. She radiated glamour, and was slim and more smart than the Rue de la Paix in Spring. With a restless, imperious toss of the head she signaled her accompanist to begin. Some rare evocative utterance seemed imminent. Then Mary Garden clasped her jewelled hands, jangled her heavy bracelets, and the twentieth century's greatest embodiment of worldliness and *volupté* brought her rare incalculable gifts to bear on "My Little Grey Home in the West."

The dimensions of Mary Garden's artistry defy precise measurement. It goes without saying that the ear alone cannot receive the total image which both sight and hearing were intended to convey. It must be remembered too that, in a long successful career, Garden sang only four "popular" operas: "Carmen," "Tosca," "Traviata," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Faust." The rest of her repertoire was made up of lyric dramas not designed for slicing into set "pieces" suitable for excerpting. Her greatest creations—Mélisande, Salomé, and Fiora—depended on coordinated, integrated reception through eye and ear and required the effect of sustained and continued action, permitting us to watch and hear the development, vocally and dramatically, of an intricate characterization moving through a series of esthetic progressions. Only through such a continuing chain of metamorphoses could the depth and profundity of a Garden creation be understood or measured. The *complete* drama was the essence of Garden's supremacy. A pity, then, that no complete role was ever recorded.

Another shortcoming in her recorded repertoire is the absence of any ensemble. Many of Garden's greatest moments in performance were achieved in duets or concerted passages. At the Chicago Opera, as in the Hammerstein days, Garden insisted on being surrounded by the greatest names in French singing—Journet, Dalmores, Muratore—yet she moved regally among them, the greatest of them all. It would be fine, indeed, if she had recorded with Muratore the closing scene from "Carmen" or with Journet the last act of "Louise." Welcome, too, would be a third-act duet from "Tosca." Unfortunately, she recorded nothing from "Salomé" or "L'amore dei tre re." Yet the materials we have are examples of great singing, exquisite musicianship, and they prove beyond doubt the extent to which a great artist's dramatic conceptions can be transmitted to discs.

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Chamber Music by Schoenberg and Others

THE JUILLIARD Quartet's recording of Schoenberg's four string quartets is, according to the catalogue, not their first on LP (Columbia SL 188, $17.85). The apparent wealth of riches is, however, misleading, since their earlier LP version, that of the Kolisch Quartet, was made from 78 rpms issued privately in the Thirties, and with all due respect to the authority of the Kolisch interpretations, they are, in many respects, supplanted by the Columbia version. In music that insists so violently on the points it has to make, that keeps players busy so much of the time to create often a greater density than that of an orchestra, the advantages of current recording technique are to be devoutly welcomed. Also to be welcomed are the sweep, power, and incisiveness of the playing. The admirable Juilliard Quartet, which did us a service when it recorded the Bartók quartets under the same imprint, does us an even greater service now, for the Schoenberg works are rarer still on concert programs, and the players have profited from their experience of the intervening years.

Schoenberg, like Beethoven or Bartók, seems to have turned to the string quartet at each successive stage of his career as a medium through which to explore and crystallize. The First Quartet reflects his early interest in outdoing Wagner's proportions with a grandiose expansion of the elements of a four-movement work into a single extended movement. The Second Quartet, starting out in F-sharp minor, arrives, by its last movement, at the suspension of tonality known as "atonality." The Third Quartet, a full-fledged twelve-tone work, is at the same time a reflection of Schoenberg's preoccupation with classical formalism in the Twenties—for example, its rhythmic symmetry. The Fourth Quartet represents his maturest style—an exemplary work in twelve-tone idiom, conceived with extraordinary sense of colors and instrumental timbres.

As a welcome bonus the album contains Berg's Quartet and Webern's striking set of Five Pieces for String Quartet, a work that offers gratifying relief from Schoenberg's discursiveness by virtue of its remarkable compactness. Bloch's Second String Quartet, also among new releases, is, curiously enough, in many ways closer to the Schoenberg works than the pieces of Schoenberg's disciple Webern. For, like Schoenberg, Bloch spreads himself out energetically, and both have obviously studied Beethoven very closely. The slow sections of the Bloch work lag, but the fast ones have a drive that is very impressive. Bloch's mastery of the fugue is much in evidence, and the work as a whole is one of his finest. It is remarkably well played by the Musical Arts Quartet (Vanguard LP 437, $5.95).

THE New Art Wind Quintet's selection of works for its "American Woodwind Symposium" (Classic 2003, $11.90) is creditable enough when one considers what is available in woodwind music not previously on LP. The works that start out with the most serious intentions are Wallingford Riegger's Opus 51 and Roger Goeb's quintet. The Riegger opens promisingly with a twelve-tone motif as a nice variant from the playfulness of the French serenade, understandably dominating the album as it dominates all woodwind music. As the work progresses, a squareness sets in because of the composer's unadventurous treatment of his materials. Goeb's is the only work covering an entire side. Though lengthy, it is one of his happiest achievements. He has a naive way of presenting agile woodwind effects as if they were discoveries so rewarding in themselves as to require no more than the flimsiest connecting tissue.

The French serenade style occurs quite naturally in Piston's very engaging Three Pieces for Trio, written, as they were, in Paris in 1926 in the heyday of that style. In Persichetti's "Pastoral" it has the tarnished effect of third hand. Elliott Carter gives the style some depth by means of a busy texture that has real distinction. If Ingolf Dahl's Quintet were not over ten years old it would certainly be another example of the French style. For his most recent works draw generously on that style. In his quintet the atmosphere of the outdoors, the Alpine horn calls, and the overlong recitatives point, rather, to the woodwind style of Nielsen or Janacek. Cowell's Suite is the most modest inclusion—a little work with dainty arpeggios for the players to show off their facility. —ARTHUR BERGER.

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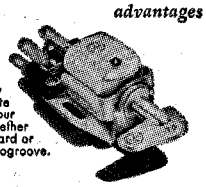

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POP ROUNDUP

A Cavalcade of Artie Shaw

SINCE the war no new dance band actually has been built into an institutional disc entity. That is to say, while isolated recordings by this or that band have caught on, there has been little continual demand for the unit by name. Yet the market for good dance music persists, and some of the big-selling bands of fifteen years ago are repeating their success today via smartly merchandised, thoroughly promoted reissues, as well as via privately recorded concerts and broadcasts that have long languished in collectors' closets. Columbia started the trend with its several BENNY GOODMAN CONCERTS. Recently RCA Victor struck gold with its sell-out Glenn Miller presentation (at $25 per). Now we have ARTIE SHAW (RCA LPT 6000) on two attractively packaged twelve-inch long players, and rumor has a T. Dorsey set in the works at the same establishment. RCA's Shaw sides were culled from off-the-air takes dating from 1938 and '39, when the clarinetist broadcast almost nightly from heavily patronized ballrooms at the Hotels Lincoln and Pennsylvania (now the Statler).

I have never held Shaw in a class with Benny Goodman, but in 1938 I heard him blow some relatively exciting, fluid clarinet. Later, as his big band became more popular, his more generative jazz approach dissolved into stereotyped embellishment and his tone thinned out.

When these recorded broadcasts were taking place, the excitement of both musicians and patrons was obviously at high pitch. These were, for the time, absorbing musical arrangements written to swing, and the enthusiastic acceptance of the crowd was reflected in exuberant playing here which one could rarely encounter in studio recordings. Unquestionably, these sides contain some of the best Shaw clarinet on wax. Especially inspired is the prolonged "Chant," Shaw's answer perhaps to Benny's "Sing Sing Sing," a drum and clarinet showpiece that goes about as savage as Shaw could get.

Frankly, I regard the entire package mainly as a curio. There's nostalgia, of course, but musically I find little justification for dwelling in this particular phase of the past. Among the latter-day clarinetists are several infinitely superior to Shaw. And precision and drive are things we take for granted in modern bands. True, there was an exuberance in these old waxings, but with the waning of the "cool" school it's no longer fashionable for jazz men to smother their enthusiasm. Actually, I find this same exuberance now in some of the new bands and combos, along with advanced musical ideas that are absorbing and entertaining.

But for the collector who wants to round out his picture of an era, Extended Play (45) has come along to provide an excuse for some unusual revivals. The number of sides cut at an average three-hour recording session was four. On many occasions a group of great jazzmen would be assembled for a single date, then disbanded. Or a band would record one session for a label on a trial basis. At any rate, four sides is only half an LP, and single 78-rpm discs get lost in the flood of current pops. EP, with its norm of four three-minute selections per disc has provided the merchandising solution, and some of the rarer historic jazz sides are available once more. A leader here is Columbia, mainly through its new subsidiary Epic label. ARTIE SHAW is represented (Epic EG 7004) with three things from 1937 Brunswick and Vocalion sides, cut right after he dropped his string section. I prefer all three to anything he cut later for Bluebird. Included in this Epic disc is Shaw's first version of his theme "Nightmare," as well as the double-length "Blues" and "Shoot the Likker to Me, John Boy."

There's a magnificent EP by COUNT BASIE (EG 7017), coupling double-length versions of "Miss Thing" (1939) and "The World Is Mad" (1940). These are as great as anything the Count has cut. It's a pure romp for tenor saxist Lester Young, at the height of his powers then, and the band is clean, well recorded, and a swingin' powerhouse!

A BUNNY BERIGAN MEMORIAL (EG 7005) offers the late trumpeter in a 1935 "ride" number, "Solo Hop," featured here as a member of a Glenn Miller ork. Under Berigan's own banner are a 1936 "I Can't Get Started" and two 1937 sides, "Dixieland Shuffle" and "Let's Do It." The latter finds him in his purest form. Considering the sparseness of representative Berigan on discs, these reissues have been a long time comin'.

—BILL SIMON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

ENGLISH Columbia's first 1954 release bears a distinctly Old World "New Look." Gone is the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, gone too the Philharmonic-Symphony under Walter and Munch, and there is not a trace of Sir Thomas and his Royal Philharmonic. In spite of Beecham's alliance with HMV during the immediate postwar period, we have always tended to associate him with the blue label of Columbia, and it seems apt that his last Columbia disc to reach us in this country—a late arrival from December—should be devoted to music so very much his own, Delius's "Appalachia." Has ever a composer owed such a debt to the loving genius of an interpreter? I think not, and I feel convinced that if the music of Delius is not completely forgotten a generation from now it will be almost entirely due to the wonderful recordings of his music which Sir Thomas has made during the past twenty-five years.

There is little doubt that from now on Herbert von Karajan's name will loom larger than ever at the top of Columbia's list. His latest contributions include Bach's Mass in B minor, Brahms's First Symphony, and a Debussy-Ravel disc. Surprisingly it is the Brahms with which I am least happy; it is beautifully played by the Philharmonia Orchestra, but the reading is curiously wilful and restless—even the great tune in the finale bears a nervous, hunted look. In the Mass we have a distinguished solo quartet, including the redoubtable and ubiquitous Schwarzkopf and a very promising new contralto in Marga Höffgen, while the fine chorus and orchestra is rather ambiguously defined as being "of the Society of the Friends of Music." From the Latin pronunciation I suspect the choir to be Austrian, yet all the instrumental soloists who are named — Manoug Parikian, Gareth Morris, Sidney Sutcliffe, Dennis Brain —belong to the Philharmonia Orchestra. I should not be too surprised if this recording turns out to be a "Tale of Two Cities," with the choral movements recorded in Vienna and the arias and duets in London. Although the forces employed are of moderate dimensions, this is not a performance likely to win the unqualified approval of Bach specialists, yet I must confess that Karajan's reading is altogether arresting and the recording very well managed. Just what the combined virtuosity of Karajan and the Philharmonia adds up to is shown in Debussy's "La Mer" and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole." Not the most profound musical experience, perhaps, but sumptuous and glittering sound.

Another conductor who, in his quieter way, continues to turn out fine performances for Columbia is Paul Kletzki. Like Von Karajan, he is usually heard with the Philharmonia, and the latest product of this partnership is an impressive Wagner disc coupling the Overture and "Venusberg" Music from "Tannhäuser" with the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan." The same conductor and orchestra also collaborate with the Belgian violinist André Gertler in a performance of Alban Berg's Violin Concerto. An LP recording of this work, one of the finest and most moving compositions of our time, was long overdue; this deeply satisfying and beautifully recorded performance should not only delight admirers of this concerto but also win it a host of new adherents.

While Decca intends to present the British public with a complete LP edition of Vaughan Williams's symphonies in the near future (including the recordings of the "London" and "Pastoral" Symphonies already available), HMV has forestalled its rival in the case of No. 7, the "Sinfonia Antartica," which is released this month in a fine performance by the Hallé Orchestra under Barbirolli, with Margaret Ritchie (soprano) and female chorus, not forgetting organ and wind-machine. Another work first heard during 1953 and now recorded is Malcolm Arnold's ballet "Homage to the Queen," which received its premiere on Coronation Night at Covent Garden. The music is conducted by Robert Irving, but the orchestra is the Philharmonia, not that of the Royal Opera House. Arnold's score is a *pièce d'occasion*, clever, entertaining, and ebullient, but hardly a "stayer." Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," on the other hand, has in slightly more than two decades achieved the status of a classic, and HMV has now reissued its celebrated 1943 recording, conducted by the composer, on LP. It still sounds remarkably good and reminds us of the days —how far off they seem!—when, in matters of technical excellence, HMV led the field. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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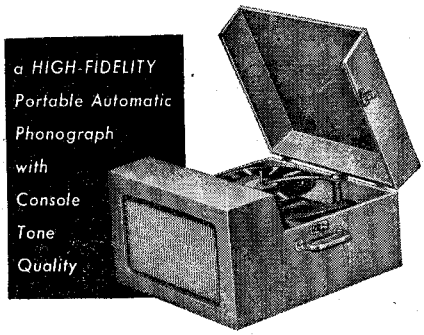

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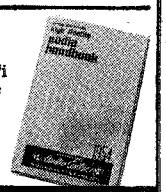

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

THE PHILADELPHIA FLAGSTADS

COULD RCA BE PERSUADED to transfer to LP those stirring recordings by Kirsten Flagstad of the "Oberon" and "Fidelio" arias, as well as the Beethoven "Ah Perfido!" made some years ago with the Philadelphia Orchestra. I am sure the demand would be great.

PAUL P. ROTELLA.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No persuasion is needed, say the Victor people. An LP reissue of these recordings is in the works.*

NICKEL-MADE REISSUES

IN ADDISON FOSTER'S ARTICLE "From Nickel, Tonal Gold" [*SR* Dec. 26] he mentioned having made arrangements for a series of limited editions of some historic recordings. I would very much appreciate the opportunity of purchasing some of these releases and would like to learn the details.

JOHN B. LEARNED.

Endicott, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Inquiries should be addressed directly to Addison Foster, 1226 Montgomery Ave., Narberth, Pennsylvania.*

ANGRY WITH ALDRICH

THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS in Putnam Aldrich's article "Bach in Three Styles" [*SR* Dec. 26] which I find presumptuous, rigid, and unscholarly. He says: ". . . it becomes apparent that anyone who claims to be a 'Bach authority' without being likewise an authority on all the music of the entire Baroque period is being unduly pretentious." This is a frank accusation of ignorance leveled against both Miss Tureck and Miss Ahlgrimm. Where does Mr. Aldrich derive his authority for such a statement?

We can agree that the most complete understanding of the work of creative genius includes knowledge of his time and his formative experiences. But this historical knowledge becomes less important the more creative, and therefore less period-bound, the work; *e.g.* try to label Bach (or Shakespeare or Freud) with an historical period. The "historical" approach is often used, not in the service of complete understanding, but to mask the critic's rigidity and intolerance. Moreover, Mr. Aldrich seems to be unaware that ideas on authenticity vary greatly from generation to generation, and these changes, I believe, are due to the interpretations of living performing artists.

Mr. Aldrich states that while Miss Tureck's conceptions seldom jibe with his conceptions of the authentic, "she is an extremely gifted and sensitive artist, she is able to make them convincing from a purely musical point of view." Obviously, Mr. Aldrich would have been more impressed with a more "authentic" but less convincing musical performance. . . . It's too bad that *SR* readers could not have had the benefit of a review of Miss Tureck's recordings by someone with more enthusiasm for the piano and a more flexible historical and musicological orientation.

FREDA BLANK.

Thornwood, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We believe Mr. Aldrich's ideal is an approach that combines historical awareness with convincing musicianship—and that he finds both qualities at their peak in Landowska's performances.*

MISSING "PELLÉAS"

I NOTE THAT the new Schwann LP catalogue no longer lists the RCA Victor recording of "Pelléas" conducted by Désormière. Does this by any chance indicate plans for a new Monteux-led version; if not, why has the older version been withdrawn?

TOM HEERMANN.

Waukesha, Wisc.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to a source at RCA, this recording is only temporarily out of the catalogue, not irretrievably withdrawn. In any event, there is enough stock on hand to meet current demand.*

IN DEFENSE OF LANDOWSKA

I HEREBY TENDER A CHALLENGE to Mr. Anonymous who writes so disparagingly of Wanda Landowska [*SR* Jan. 30]. If he has ever made a recording of, or played in recital, anything by Bach, let him give his name so that we may judge for ourselves the difference between his feeling for Bach and Mme. Landowska's.

ROBERT LE GENIE.

Youngstown, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A good request. But "Mr. Anonymous" might well wonder why M. Le Genie declares himself under what looks suspiciously like a pseudonym.*

IN SPITE OF MME. LANDOWSKA'S contribution to the art of performance as illustrated in her latest recordings, it is not for these that she will be remembered. Now, when we scarcely blink an eyelash at a harpischord, it is all too easy to forget that this casual acceptance was won only by tiresome struggles against public apathy and ignorance, and that it was Mme. Landowska who did most of the fighting. Is this not significant enough for the anonymous correspondent? I'm sure it is for Messrs. Fischer, Kirkpatrick, *et al.* mentioned in his letter.

ROBERT CONANT.

Passaic, N. J.

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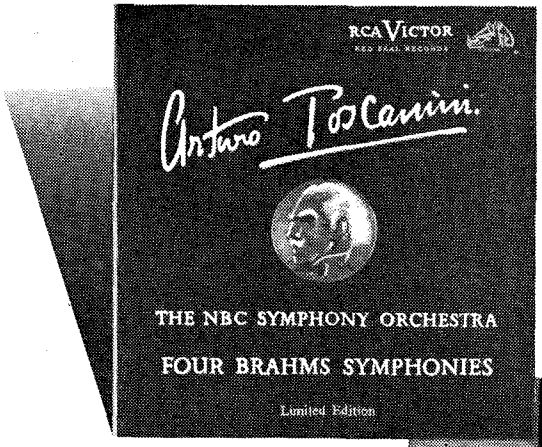

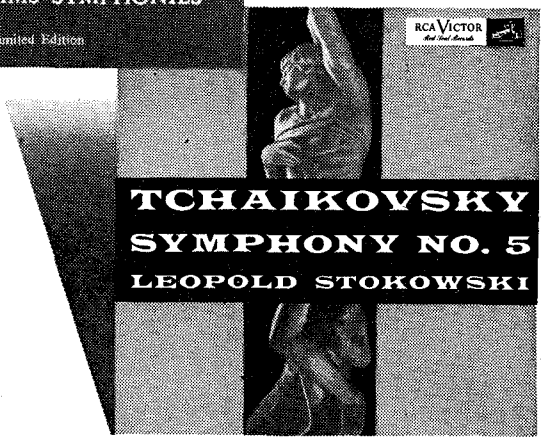

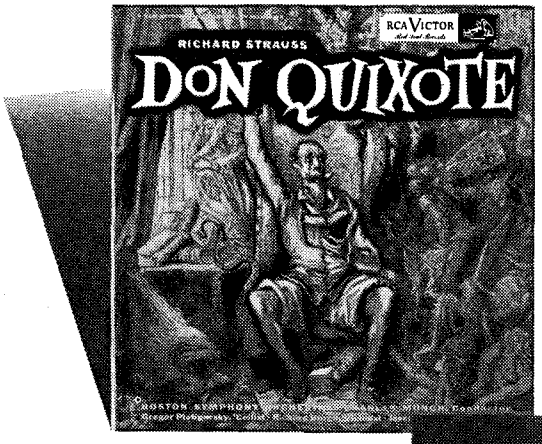

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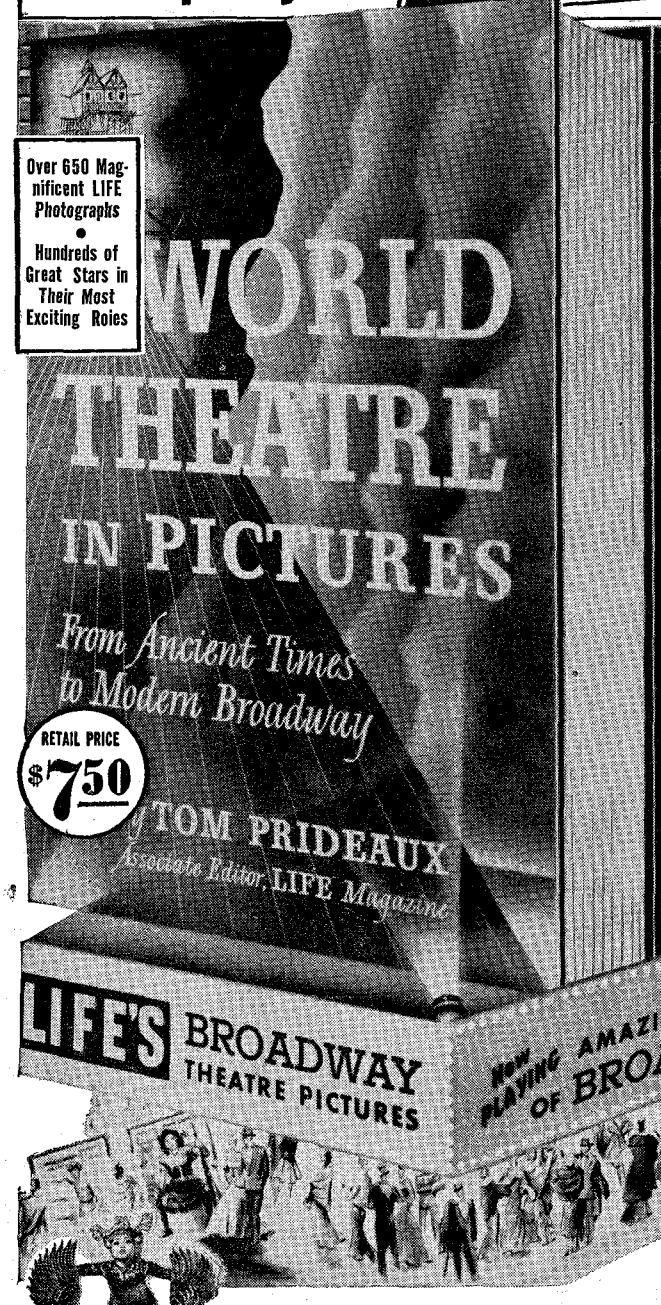
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